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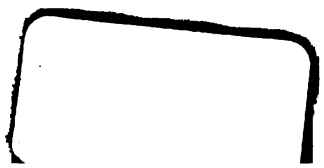

GED

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

"Dr. Nansen."

THE COMING OF THE VIKING.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

BEING THE STORY OF

THE CRUISE OF THE OHIO

AMONG THE NORTH BRITISH ISLANDS;
TO ICELAND AND THE NORTH CAPE; THROUGH
THE FJORDS OF NORWAY AND
TO BALTIC PORTS,
ANNO DOMINI
1897

BY S. R. STODDARD

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.
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THE STORY OF THE CRUISE

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

I.

SILHOUETTES.

HOW full of unrest, how confusing, the first hours of a voyage at sea! Old Ocean has swallowed up the land. You are flying through unknown space. You are letting go the world that knows you to become part of a smaller one that has not yet taken form. This shrinking, quivering, careening mass, has not yet gained your entire confidence. It is so little and the sea so wide! The senses are at fault; judgment is wavering; mental perspective is out of joint, color values nil; humanity chaos! The ship itself is a mystery unexplored—a crowded beehive throbbing with undeveloped personality; every cell stirring with uneasy life. What will come forth in the swarming—workers, warriors, robbers, grubs, boneless larvæ, moths? Perhaps a queen!

Will one *ever* be able to separate the particles, to distinguish between individuals? Ah! out of the mass starts a human face more striking than the rest; you will know *that* one again anyway. And there another! and a third! and a fourth and a fifth. That will answer for the present. In time, the entire mass will sep-

arate into its constituent atoms. It is yet a world in embryo but in time each particle will settle fairly into its proper place, each individual pick up the thread that was snapped when sundered from the larger world. The queen will assert herself; the moth find opportunity to again singe its already damaged wings; the grub will remain a grub to the end! You may live a generation in the city and not know your neighbor; a week on shipboard shows him as in a house of glass. Brass, posing as gold, overdoes it, and is known as the baser metal before the sun goes down. The dregs gather in the depths, the froth comes naturally to the surface and is recognized at its true value by the other ingredients of this human *pot-pourri*—themselves being weighed at the same time without knowing it. Youth and purity join hands and—like as not—young Love tricks them into believing that in all the wide, wide world beside there is not another two such as they. And they are right—only the rest of the world doesn't happen to be looking through Love's goggles at them.

A world did I say? It is a universe in miniature where the little planets circle around their diminutive central suns and the tiny satellites gather around their minute primaries, content to shine by their reflected light.

And sets form and cliques gather and build fences and take much comfort in thinking that the outside world is trying to get in!

We sail away from New York on the good ship "Ohio," Saturday, the 26th day of June, 1897, at exactly seventeen minutes past ten

o'clock in the morning. We have friends to see us off; after that follows a lazy, restful blank in which come fragmentary thoughts, shadowy silhouettes, half remembered pictures; visible figures that take substantial form later; figures that vanish absolutely. Are these last real, or but phantoms of an idle dream?

The whole, drowsy afternoon of the first day out is a physical joy. The ocean is as the breast of a gentle friend, the air an intoxicating fragrance, the sunshine a continuous benison! The sea runs in long smooth swells over which the ship climbs lazily; the straight lines of the distant horizon is broken here and there by white or brown sail, or mitred by trailing line of smoke from some hull-down steamer; there is a whirring of soft winds through the cordage overhead. It is a dream of rest.

Awnings are stretched over the broad decks, and under them we feel privileged to be as indolent as the spirit wills. Some are entitled to rest for they have but just broken away from active work. Some are but continuing their lazy life where it broke off when they left the land.

Here is an ample matron enjoying her two winks after luncheon, her portly companion snoring contentedly at her side. Here a solid man who has put stocks and bonds behind and now offers himself a willing sacrifice to the whims of energetic wife and blooming daughters who propose to see some of the world while it is yet day. Here is a lawyer fleeing from clients; here a noted doctor, escaping from ailing patients, himself needing rest and help, more perhaps than some whom he has advised so

3

Solid Comfort.

"Two by Two."

wisely—and charged so handsomely—and here are some young men making up for last evening's friendly session with their friends who gave them a "send off" with appropriate parting ceremonies.

The sun descending paves a path with shining tiles away out to where he rests a moment—a great, golden disk on the edge of the sea—then gently sinks and disappears. The sky flames crimson for a time, struggling in a constantly narrowing circle against the coming dusk until it shows but a flattened arch of tawny red, then dies out and leaves the sky a dark blue dome, picked out with a million points of light, while the water below is a vast mysterious murmuring waste, black, save where the ship turns a phosphorescent furrow right and left.

Through the blackness of sea and sky moves our little world, black crusted but glowing with internal light and heat.

Figures come and go darkening the openings as they pass. The shining round ports, like big, bright moons, are eclipsed by black bodies in transit and then shine out again.

Atoms are out on the deck standing or slowly moving—two by two; leaning over the railing—two by two; watching the stars go by—two by two; in retired corners out of the wind—two by two; in deepest shadows—two by two. I could tell more if I wished; how chairs are

"Watching the Stars Go By."

drawn closer—in some instances single ones doing the work of two—how rugs are tucked more carefully about yielding forms that the faintly chill winds of evening may not touch too rudely; how soft shawls are gathered about heads that bend nearer and nearer to each other; how voices drop to a softer cadence and soft cooings are heard. Ah! some are there, just tapping timidly at Eden's gate, and some are entering its magic portals. And some are safely landed—*that* is plainly to be seen. There, faintly outlined are the usual two, one stretched at full length the other kneeling over, with fond soft twitterings and croonings and occasional sounds like the sibilant pop of bubbles rising through boiling mush.

"Is oo tumfortable now oo bwessed one?" is asked, followed by sounds long drawn out as of escaping steam, ending with gentle, oft-repeated pops, "*Did* 'is ittee dirl leave 'im *all a-wone* for a itty-bitty time? Well, see won't do it *adin*, nevah adin, nevah, nevah, *nevah.*"

More escaping steam, more gently bursting bubbles.

"Oo *is* my own ba-bee—*ain't* oo baa?"

More twitterings, more bubbles.

"Was 'im tick in 'is tumick—*mean* old *sea*? *Darlin'* I wish I *tood* bear it *for* 'im—I *'dooz*. Poo' de-ah! *Toodint* oo eat dess a *itty-bitty* sumfin?"

Poor *fiddlesticks!*

"My *babee.*"

Babee! He is nearly six feet long and of course only just an ordinary sort of chap and she—

"*Ba-be-e-e.*"

It is outrageous. I don't believe he is a bit more seasick this very minute than I—and there she is tucking up his exposed points

in a rug as carefully as if he were made of sugar or glass or some other fragile substance, while *he* accepts it all as a matter of right taking a mean advantage of the untraveled I do believe. It *does* seem sometimes as if favors were not evenly distributed in *this* world. Now there are others who could appreciate—but there, I must not draw invidious comparisons.

Who were they?

How should I know? Haven't I just told you how confusing everything was at the start—beside a number of people left us at Southampton before I really got to know them at all. Come to think of it, perhaps it wasn't half bad—things look different from different points of view.

And it makes all the difference in the world who is being babied.

II.

"ATOMS."

AS we go out over the ocean faces come out one by one and grow familiar as the atoms of a new creation taking form. Affinities are drawn together and, in the impact of the union, give out cheering light and heat. Some there are that are good; some think they are good and expect to receive credit for it, and some are just ordinary wholesome human atoms—good or bad according to environment—but very satisfactory as a whole. There are lawyers, doctors, judges, senators and distinguished laymen on board; enough of each to give variety and fully capable of keeping the company in a healthful state of turbulency at all times—atoms great and small, and diverse as the particles of our greater prototype.

One of the first atoms to impress me weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds if it weighed an ounce. It was an atom on whom honors had been heaped by more countries than its own, and wore medals to prove it. An M. D. by dispensation ; a LL. D. by courtesy; a propounder of philosophy without a flaw; and yet, to him, life was a waste if the milk got

A Cincinnati Atom.

sour or the eggs overdone. He could explain the relation of the Overmind to the Universal brotherhood, but never *could* get onto the connection between cold meat and being late to dinner—it was one of the eccentricities of genius that he continued late to dinner to the end. A student of humanity, he quite commonly stroked people the wrong way. He habitually fed hay to angels and pearls to donkeys, and marveled that they kicked. Master of debate, he hammered intellectual flies with his fists, and wondered why they would not stand up and take punishment like men; yet was keen as a briar, as presuming midgets found to their cost. Mediæval mystery and scientific sophistry! How he *could* talk, and how he *liked* to talk, punctuating each point with that prehensile finger of his. Ah! pleasant withal, are the memories remaining of the big, handsome atom from the West.

Another atom I *felt* before I *saw*. It was his laugh that struck me—healthy as a tickled child; rich as the tones of a cello—the essence of sunshine in liquid sound. But they tell me that he wields a caustic pen at home, and that imperfect atoms back of the foot-lights there have cause to tremble when he sits in judgment on them. And yet he seemed *so* fair! I would trust that laugh with my pocketbook anywhere.

Little Sunshine.

"Little Sunshine" we called her—the smallest atom of them all. Her other name was Marion. Whenever she came the air was purified, the way made brighter. She was such a demure little miss that Propriety was put on its good behavior when she passed by. She was so wise that Wisdom pulled down its specks and polished them anew and pinched

itself to see if it were really awake; she was so full of life that Dignity unbent and became jolly good fellow without counting costs. And it was refreshing to see "Little Sunshine," as we sometimes saw her, racing about the ship with the stately young women from Philadelphia; the jolly girls from Boston, the energetic New Yorkers; the Southerner with the beautiful gray hair; the dudish chaps and the strapping young men—all in a panting train behind her in the game of "follow your leader" played to the no small derangement of orderly things from saloon to fo'cas'le.

There were doctors of medicine on board; fully enough to keep the whole company in a healthy state of illness, even if cast away on a desert island with the medical stores all lost. One was a consulting physician (who, as I understand, is a person who doesn't work at all, but just sits in his office and thinks up new experiments for other doctors to try on their victims), supposed to be a model of unbending dignity at home, here like a boy let loose from school. Another was an oldish young man who had been prominently in the public eye, and had tampered with Arctic things. He always wore a wierd, disheveled look, and had an X-ray manner of eyeing you that made you think he remembered things that happened before you reformed.

Another would pass for an exceedingly high church clergyman anywhere until he, himself, broke the shell and showed that it was only an apparent weakness. Another was a self-acknowledged mystery from No Man's Land—a man without a country—yet very much at home wherever he went; and another—even more paradoxical

The Mayor.

than the last, was the most energetic one of all—assiduously seeking rest and a place to lay his head.

There were also distinguished non-professional atoms. The mayor of Burlington, with the most perfect of philosophy found everything "proper and right; the Hon. Judge from Texas overruled things habitually, including the constitution; the Silent Man from Albany saw more and said less than any other person on board. There was also the Heavenly twins; the Man possessed of a Devil; the Great Intellect with the Marvelous Legs; Bobo, Dr. Nansen, and a host of other atoms to come out prominently as the cruise progressed.

Atoms.

Amusements were not lacking. Out on the after deck at times the fun was fast and furious when the young people—and for the matter of that some who were not so young—tackled calisthenics, and included movements for the development of the body, that would have astonished old Prof. Calistheni himself had he been there to see. Many of the young ladies wore bicycle costumes on deck commonly, which same were quite becoming and attracted much attention on windy days. And young men blossomed out in golf suits of varying degrees of splendor, and went into training for future achievements by racing up and down the steps from one deck to another whenever they happened to think of it.

Up in the smoking room the air is thick. You can feel it thump against you as you enter. It calls for the services of at least one steward just to strike matches, and bring ginger ale and other things.

The ladies do

Calisthenics.

not get there very much. It is patronized chiefly by the men who guess on the daily run of the ship and back their guesses. As near as I can make out buying pools on the daily run is a profitable investment. I have repeatedly heard young fellows mention that they are "in" a pound or more in the operation. You seldom meet one who loses anything. Smoking-room association, I imagine, gives one the "bluff" ways which are so admired among sailors, for I have often heard them speak of bluff and poker and other athletic games; but when they talk of putting up a "bob" and pulling out a "monkey" it is rather confusing. I must admit that I am not sufficiently up in natural history to know one species from another.

"Steward," said a distinguished looking atom in the saloon late at night, "Steward"—very deliberately—"I—am—sick."

"Yez-zer," said the steward very respectfully, throwing a vast amount of sympathy into his pose. "Yez-zer."

"Steward, I—am—a—sick man. I—am—ordered—away—on—*this*—by—my—medical adviser—who—gave me three—different—kinds—of—medicine with—minute—verbal—instructions—regarding—each—and—now, and *now*, steward, I—don't—know—which kind—is—to—be—swallowed—and—which—kind—rubbed on."

"*Steward!*"

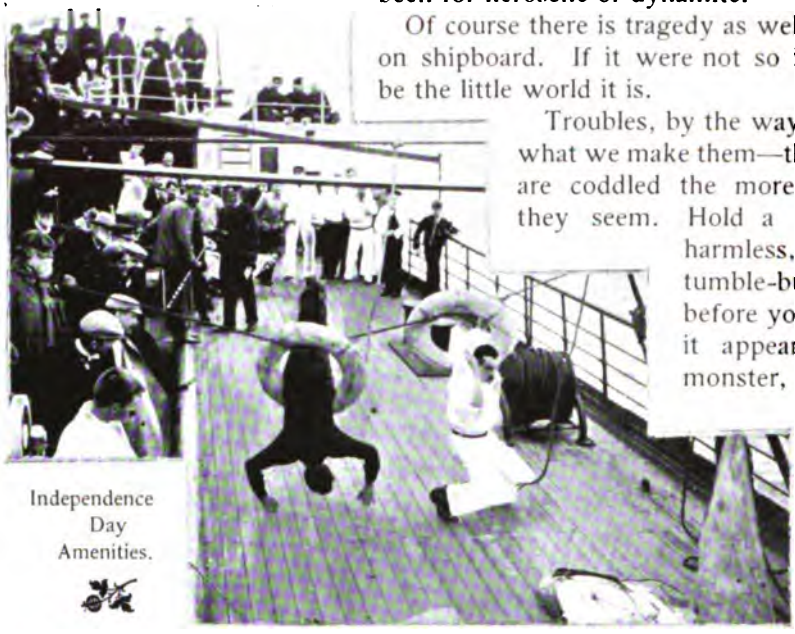
"Yez-zer," said the steward with a face of wood.

"Steward—have—you—any—brandy?—*good* brandy, Steward? I can't well make a mistake there—can I, Steward? Some—brandy—Steward—and—at—*once*."

"Yez-zer—good brandy, zir, at once, zir." And the steward

The Sack Race.

is off. "His not to question why." The *good* steward would be the same imperturbable, respectful automaton had the order been for kerosene or dynamite.



Independence Day Amenities.

Of course there is tragedy as well as comedy on shipboard. If it were not so it would not be the little world it is.

Troubles, by the way, are mostly what we make them—the more they are coddled the more unbearable they seem. Hold a poor, little, harmless, blundering tumble-bug close up before your eyes, and it appears a horrid monster, big enough to crush you. Put it on the ground, where it belongs, and you may be able to see that others have tumble-bugs of their own. Trouble is something like the balloon-fish, which swells to enormous size—a thing to fright the very soul—but stick a pin in it and you find it is mostly wind.

Is your pet trouble of the tumble-bug or of the balloon-fish variety? Try a pin on it anyway.

Cock Fighting.

III.

HOW TO RUN AN OCEAN LINER.

OF course you know how to run a hotel—everybody does—and most of us could give points to the honorable gentleman at Washington about running the Ship of State, but to run an ocean liner calls for some little special ability. I will tell you all about it. I learned at the time we made our now famous cruise in search of the midnight sun—stowed it away in the top bunker, as we sailors say against a time of need. Pardon nautical phrases. We old sea dogs get such a habit of using them that sometimes we forget our bearings even in the most polite society—but there, I am getting off my course again, and I started out to tell you how to run an ocean liner.

It is easy enough—when you know how—just as easy as to make a great speech. In the one case you simply think up some noble thoughts, put them into appropriate words and deliver them in an eloquent manner—and there you are! Of course you have got to get an appreciative audience to listen to you, and, equally, it may be necessary to overcome the objections of some block-headed ship owners who may have an unfounded prejudice against letting you have a ship to practice with, but these

CAPTAIN BOGGS.

little difficulties overcome, all goes along as smooth as clockwork.

Now, if ever obliged to take charge of a ship, I advise you to take one about the size of the "Ohio." She is large enough to be comfortable and steady in rough weather, and not so large that you are liable to get lost and have to hire a guide to find your bunk if you happen to sit up a little too late with the boys in the smoking room. The "Ohio" is snug, trim, cozy, substantial and seaworthy. She rolls a little in a seaway, it is true, but she doesn't go through the water like a corkscrew, or shake with palsy at every revolution of the wheel, as the wabbly fast ones are always doing. No, none of your feverish greyhounds for me, if you please when I am out for comfort.

It calls for a captain and a number of other officers, and a lot of men to run a ship properly. In addressing the captain officially always say "Sir." In his absence you call him "The old man" even if he hasn't the suspicion of a hair on his face. It isn't disrespectful—simply an affectionate generic term applied to captains generally. Other officers, and the heads of departments, are addressed as "Mr." so-and-so, by their superiors, and as "Sir" by subordinates. The petty officers are called by their official titles, the common sailors by anything that comes handy.

Captain Boggs was in command of the "Ohio." I have seen handsomer men, but none better fitted for the place; we all agreed as to that before the voyage was over. He was full whiskered, keen eyed and alert. If the "Ohio" wasn't built after the greyhound model Capt. Boggs *was*—ample length and not an overplus of beam. I had supposed that captains didn't have

On the Fo'cas'le.

much to do—only just to tell the sailors what point to steer for, and then march about deck making people feel at home; but Captain Boggs wasn't that sort. I feared for a time that he was modest—he spent so many hours on the bridge, and seemed to miss most of the good things going on below; but I found later that he was companionable when off duty. He could scent a fine joke or ignore a coarse one with equal ease. He could encourage modest Diffidence, or sit placidly down on blatant Assurance or score prosperous Fraud, with unruffled equilibrium. He could tell a story which sounded like real writing; he could see the glories of the heavens revealed; he could recognize the wonders of the homely earth! He was a poet at heart, although I don't think he ever suspected it, or would have admitted it if he had. He would have considered it unseamanlike.

First Officer Roberts.

It was after we had become somewhat acquainted that I asked him if he hadn't just as soon—some time when he had a quarter of an hour to spare—show me how to run the ship. Captain Boggs smiled a queer sort of a smile, and said he would tell me all about it—it wouldn't take but a few minutes. He thought, too, that it was a very good idea, then if anything happened to him there would be some one to take charge of affairs.

Mr. E. V. Roberts, the chief officer, was dignified always, always courteous. He stood a living monument to prove that it isn't necessary to indulge in profanity to manage men. The sailors seemed to know what he meant when he gave an order just as well as though he swore like a pirate. Second officer Hellberg was

Second Officer Hellberg.

Fourth Officer Walcott.

born up there somewhere near the Arctic circle, and like many another Norwegian had drifted Americaward as naturally as the needle turns to the pole. Third officer Horton—imperious and one of the handsomest men in the service—and fourth officer Walcott, a young gentle-mannered giant from Old New England, rise to my mind's eye as I write, just as I have so often seen them, erect in the stern of the ship's launch with tiller rope in hand, guiding us to landings new and strange.

Third Officer Horton.

Purser Runyon changed our greenbacks into coin of the realm wherever needed, brought us our always welcome mail, attended to our passports and helped us generally through devious ways. He was one of those big-hearted young fellows whom it is always a pleasure to know. Ship's Surgeon Patterson was also an important factor in our daily life. He relieved the bodily ills of the sufferers on shipboard, read the lessons of the day and led in sacred song in the saloon Sunday mornings and then would go out and labor with the frivolous habitues of the afterdeck in language appropriate to the situation. He would do anything for a friend. When I asked him for a picture appropriate to his profession he offered to

Purser Runyon.

Ship's Surgeon Patterson.

get a fireman up and pull a tooth or something to get the proper expression—said the man wouldn't mind—in the interest of Science.

The Chief Steward.

Chief Steward Tomkins provided for the animal wants of the passengers in a most admirable manner, ably assisted by Second Steward Braylrooke, who, duty done, would go aft for a meditative pipe all alone and nurse his elbow in a way peculiar to himself. How these little personal peculiarities *do* come up when one gets thinking of old times. And the under stewards as they line up in memory's sunshine! How pleasant their faces and their helpful ways. Now Gabriel blows his trumpet for breakfast, lunch or dinner, and, tramp! tramp! come the familiar forms out of the mists. Here is Gilmour, the faithful, ever busy yet with time to spare; here Roderick with the twinkling feet; here Barney of the laughing eye; here George, ready, yet never feverishly in a hurry; here Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and little David—even he of the sling—and pretty Teresa with the more stately matron of the after cabin—yes, pleasant, indeed, are the memories that cluster about them all. Of course they had an eye forward to the day of reckoning when we should say good-bye, and perchance remember them in a substantial manner, but what of that? They were not on the high seas for their health;

The Second Steward.

Pretty Polly Perkins.

they were serving for less than the value of their services under a custom which—however objectionable some of its features—they did not create, and you could not have the heart to refuse the reward so well earned, nor regret giving that which left such pleasant memories behind.

Chief Engineer Gallagher paces the after deck, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his closely buttoned coat, the ever-present cigar between his lips, thinking, thinking—of what? Of the unseen shafts and pulleys of the universe? Of the earth's great eccentric? Of the link-movement of the moon? Of the endless circling of shining worlds up in the black vault? Or is it of the tragedies in stone, and the poems in color at the picture galleries where I caught him later, his rugged face all alight, oblivious to earthly surroundings in the worlds of fancy on the walls? Or is he noting the revolutions of the throbbing screw as it goes boring its way through the water, pushing us along toward the other side?

"And how many times has the wheel gone round?" I asked one day, hardly expecting a reply.

"Come into my room and see," he said, and I followed. He referred to big sheets on which were displayed long columns of figures, worked out a problem with a pencil on a scrap of paper and told me to a whirl.

The Chief Engineer.

If you are to run a steamship you must qualify yourself with facts and figures. Here are some:

The "Ohio" is 355 feet long, 43 feet beam, and draws 24 feet of water. She is rated at 3,000 tons, which means a carrying capacity of about 2,500 tons of cargo. She burns 40 tons of coal per day to send her along at the rate of 13 miles an hour. Her screw is 16 feet 3 inches in diameter, and every time it

IN THE FURNACE ROOM.

makes a revolution it pushes her 22 feet—or would if it turned in solid threads, but as the water yields, the "slip" of the wheel—which is the only uncertain quantity in the problem—must be allowed for, reducing the advance about one-eighth. Anticipating facts learned later, I can tell you now that the total number of revolutions made during the voyage was 4,088,605; the distance run, 13,294.1 miles, and the actual time of the cruise seventy-one days, five hours and forty-five minutes. The arrival back to New York was on the afternoon of September 5th, two minutes past four o'clock.

With tightly buttoned coat and a wad of cotton waste in each hand to clasp around the oily, iron hand-rods, led by Chief Gallagher, I descend into the engine room, where great cylinders heave and sigh and polished pistons flash up and down and wobbling eccentrics unnerve one with doubts as to their intentions, and ear-drums seem ready to burst with sounds that are felt rather than heard, where everything is greasy and uncertain, and the eye is made shifty, with doubtful distances—nerves are strong indeed if they do not at first shrink and dodge, what seems to threaten decapitation if not complete annihilation. Here are the whirring dynamos and straining pumps; the refrigerator machine with its pendent icicles, the pressure gauges and the big counter which, like a giant cyclometer, advances steadily rolling up the record of the revolutions of the screw; the dummy engine, worked from the bridge, which winds and unwinds the rudder chain, turning the ship to left or right, the signal by which the captain talks with the men on duty by means of electric pointer and dial; ordering to go fast or slow; to advance; to stop or back and how his words are signalled back to the bridge that he may know beyond question of doubt that his orders are understood.

Then the chief took me still deeper into the black belly of the ship where great furnaces in double tiers fill the space from side to side, and one after another in quick succession and in continuous round, open their nine glowing mouths with a snarl, to spit out fire, or with changing mood suck in the air in awful mimicry of flame breathing lungs; where brawny, blackened, half-clad men, with skill acquired in long practice, scatter fresh fuel over the glowing beds and blue flames following sweep from end to end; and how like tormenting fiends they goad the caged demons into fury by thrusting iron rods through their vitals breaking and overturning, while the fierce draft makes the sparks leap and dance as if with life, and red and blue flame struggle in a wild fight for mastery: coiling, darting like snakes tongues; tortured by blast and steam until they spit and hiss in impotent fury under the proddings of their persecutors. A little of this is enough. I am glad to get up and out on the deck into the fresh air once more.

It is not an intellectual life the stoker leads—and there is nothing insipid about him. He would not understand your pity. He would quickly resent any imputation of being soft or subject for compassion. He is of a class that takes its pleasures strong. For the comparatively large pay offered he holds his life in his hands—lightly, tempting providence. From the ovenlike heat of the fire room he goes freely out on the exposed deck—for to have a care about himself in such matters would be effeminate—and here to meet him come the Frost King and King Pneumonia, hand in hand, to blow across his steaming breast and grasp him by the naked throat!

Oh! a merry life—and a short one—is that of the man who goes down to the sea in the stoke-hole of an ocean liner.

The Stokers.

IV.

SOUTHAMPTON.

THERE isn't anything worth seeing at Southampton don't you know. It is *awfully* dead. I cannot imagine what we can do to pass the time there—a *whole day*," remarked one who, having eyes saw not.

Nothing to see! I wondered if my friend noticed the people who drifted down to look at us; the coal heavers, with sooty faces and murky clothes; the stolid looking women and scrawny girls, preternaturally old and hard of feature, who brought refreshing baskets to the men; the big ships and the sailors climbing like squirrels in the shrouds; the great winches with rattling chains and immense bales of goods gliding up and down?

The Empress docks, where we lie, are stone faced, enclosing a diamond-shaped harbor. Railway lines are focused here, and about it are the terminal hotels and steamship offices and other nautical things. Beyond is a green with a few trees, backed by a line of dwellings and shops. Tram-cars run hence through the town that stretches farther back, and have seats on top, affording the best of mediums for observation. The "shops" are not extensive but are neat. The British tradesman is polite—excruciat-

ingly so at times. *Here*, you do not experience the crushing majesty of the metropolitan floorwalker or the stony stare of the American saleslady. My fears that I could not make myself understood by the Britain were unfounded—I was 'appy to find that I could talk with the native halmost as heasily as with my hown countryman.

Blocking the main street of Southampton stands ancient Barrgate, dating from the 11th century. It is Norman and gray and a highly revered nuisance. The dwellings of the people are in long blocks, generally of bright red bricks, everyone exactly like its fellow. The chimney pots above the roofs fairly indicate the number of rooms below. Rural England is not like rural America. The one is wild, erratic, unconquered! The other rounded, subdued, cultivated. The "forests" of England are parks. The roads show evidence of care, and are inviting to wheelmen. The hedges are trimmed to line, every tree shaped by the pruning knife. Nothing comes by chance.

Netley Abbey is gray and beautiful in its fallen estate. It was founded, we are told, by King Henry III in 1239. It belonged to the Cistercian Order of Monks which had its rise in 1075 in the Monastery of Molesme in Burgundy. There is little authentic history relating to the doings of this society from the time of its organization at Netley until its final dissolution in 1537 by Henry VIII, but tradition tells of the degeneracy of the monks towards

Bar-Gate.

NETLEY ABBEY.

the close of the three hundred years while they had possession there. Now, about the old Abbey is only peace. Gone forever are its fastings, its revelings and its prayers. Mother Nature has draped its gray walls in garments of living green, while brightly shines the sun through its mullioned windows and clinging vines that cast a tracery of shadow across the ancient nave, like intricate patterns of Venetian lace.

Off Portsmouth.

We sailed out into the British Channel and headed for the North Sea. At our right was the Isle of Wight. At the left stretched the mainland ending in Portsmouth from which point extends a series of forts that are revolving turrets from which the black muzzles of big guns project threateningly. The day following gave us a morning nearly perfect followed by rain. Friday came fresh and beautiful and found us skirting the rugged shores of Scotland. Toward noon we ran through a fleet of fishing vessels that were "following the herring," then past John O'Groat's house and on to where the Orkneys lay low in the north—the nearest of them seven miles beyond the land's end of Scotland.

"Following the Herring."

V

THE ORKNEYS.

IN the misty past the Orkney Islands were inhabited by a painted people who were called "Picts" for short. As to the scheme of color in vogue there at that time tradition is silent. It varied, presumably, according to time and season. Throughout the warm summer days they naturally flitted about tinted according to taste in the coolest of blues and grays; when the cold winds of winter swept over the islands it is to be presumed they put on all the warmest colors of the artist's pallette; in stormy weather and when deep snow came they no doubt topped off with cleverly painted ear muffs and tippets, and with the ever comforting gum goloshes on their spreading feet. They were the wildest of savages in those days; their weapons, clubs and stones, which they used after the manner of their immediate progenitor, the monkey. At this time classic Greece was growing old and Rome was in the zenith of her glory. And thus the Romans found them about

the middle of the first century when Claudius after subduing the savage Britain continued as far north as these islands. When the Romans thus advanced the Painted People after the manner of the modern Filipino got behind things and the country was declared captured; when the Romans went back they came out and proceeded to carry on their old business at the same old stand. Later the Norseman came bringing the bloody rites of Odin and of Thor and the Painted People were blotted out of existence, their islands becoming the rendezvous of famous Vikings whose regular business was piracy.

In the ninth century King Harald of Norway became deeply shocked at the unlawful way in which the Orkney pirates were behaving without a license from him and proceeded to wipe them out. He then presented the country to one of his favorite followers and thus the first jarl of Orkney became a prominent figure in history. Other jarls followed in rapid succession, they having a habit in those robust days of succeeding each other whenever the jarl in possession was caught napping. Occasionally the two at the top would form a trust and agree to do the rest and live contentedly together in different places (this is somewhat of a Celtic history), but after a little time they generally found it necessary to get together for the adjustment of matters which threatened to cause an estrangement. The custom was for the two to agree to meet in some secluded place with only a limited number of retainers as witnesses and arbitrate, but it usually happened that one—having reasonable doubts as to the honorable intentions of the other—would bring six or eight times the number of men agreed upon and—still having doubts—proceed to chop the other up in true jarlish fashion.

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Hoy Head.

THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

Early in the fourteenth century the islands were attached to Scotland by a system of judicious marriages and concessions and finally became a part of that empire which never loses its grip—save in exceptional cases. The traditions and names are Norse, but the people are Scotch in thought, in conduct and in religion, with no liking for the bloody rites of Odin, or the pomps and ceremonies of ancient Rome.

The seventy islands of the group extend fifty miles north and south and thirty-five east and west. About half the number are inhabited. The climate is mild considering the latitude. Wet and cloudy weather predominates. The average annual rainfall is about thirty-six inches. No trees grow on these islands although indications are that at one time they were well wooded.

The day was nearly past when we came to anchor off Stromness. A fierce wind blew in from the Atlantic where the sun was sinking among tumultous clouds and the higher air was full of trailing mist which also drifted over the mainland at the east and covered the hills of Graensay and the higher Hill of Hoy. The waters seemed like blue steel edged with sunset gold as they rushed against us hissing and, continuing, broke in lines of foam upon the land beyond. These lands rose slowly, treeless, bleak and unmarked save where some low lying stone building or far reaching stone wall divided the ground into parcels of checkered brown pasture land and blocks of deep green where turnips and potatoes alternated with each other.

Before the anchor was down we were surrounded by uncounted numbers of wheeling, wheedling sea gulls and boats filled with curious natives. Later a slow going propeller came out from the town loaded with towns-people who,

"Wheeling, Wheedling Sea Gulls."

STROMNESS FROM THE HILLS.

when invited, swarmed up the gangways and spread out over the ship.

Here the days of summer are long. On the longest day the sun rises at 3:02 and sets at 9:23. The winter days are correspondingly short, the sun of the shortest day rising at 9:10 and setting at 3:17. At 10 P. M. twilight lingered, and I went to sleep with the sound of the querulous sea gulls—like the plaint of little children—in my ears thinking of the coming morn when we should go among the people in their homes and see the curious things which, while new compared with the old world places, were hoary with age when Columbus sailed west to discover the islands of the New World.

In the morning sunshine Stromness lay, ragged and gray, against the low hill. It is but a fringe of town extending nearly a mile along the water's edge. Its houses of stone present a succession of irregular gables and chimneys of varying heights. Backward, it climbs the hill a little, its roads bounded by high stone walls. Beyond the town brown fields are cut into squares by other walls of stone with occasionally a double line zigzagging away indicating the course of some lane or road. But never a tree is to be seen save perhaps in some protected close where with southern exposure hardy specimens are cultivated as carefully as we of more temperate latitudes cultivate tropical plants in our gardens.

The main street of the town undoubtedly followed the line of some ancient sheep path which ran along the wavering shore in early days. Each house was put down seemingly without regard to line or point of compass. The idea of making a way for wheeled vehicles must have come as an after-thought, for corners of buildings that had projected into the old sheep path had been

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The Kirk.

The Main Street of Stromness.

chipped off as high up as might be necessary to make the passage of a loaded cart possible. The pavement is of large slabs of rough stone of irregular shapes with sides sloping toward the center where a line of broken stone gives foothold to the occasional horse and answers for the carrying off of surface water.

A side Street.

Stromness has a population of about two thousand. There are two inns (crude looking but wholesome), three banks, four churches, (three Presbyterian and one Church of England) and a number of little stores. It is something of a summer resort and counts English people of good quality among its visitors, yet it is a solemn undertaking to get a meal. We found that such an undertaking was not to be entered into in a light or frivolous spirit. You get what you order if it can be had—after a time. We considered ourselves rather lucky in having to wait only a fraction over an hour and a half after indicating to the landlord that we would like some of the far-famed Scotch mutton. When it finally came it was delicious.

Curing Fish.

With it came bread, oat cakes, cheese and coffee—all duly specified in the order and in the bill. They do not appear to undervalue their services.

A Scotch Lassie.

On the night of our arrival the town crier went about ringing his bell and announcing the arrival of the American ship; notifying the good people to have all things decent and in order against the landing of the Americans on the morrow. The town acted on the suggestion. And it is worthy of note that they did us the almost unprecedented honor of keeping open shop all Saturday afternoon, and with them Saturday is a half holiday, carrying with it almost the force of a sacred festival. The shopkeeper is thrifty, close and shrewd but cannot be accused of carrying politeness to the verge of servility—in short he is Scotch.

"There be the gudes and *thot* the price; if you *want* it—*teck* it."

As the day advanced people flocked in from the surrounding country and the gray old town put on an almost jaunty look under the enlivening presence of braw lad and bonnie lassie who, decked out in brave attire, had journeyed many a mile to see the Americans whose coming had been heralded far and near. Such a thing had not happened before in twenty years.

The gallant Sergeant Major of Her Majesty's Royal Artillery stationed here put on his most dazzling decorations and did me the honor to show me around. He assured me of his high regard for Americans and of his approval of the United States Government generally—which was very gratifying. He did not actually pledge his Government to co-operate with us in a general round-up of other nations but I feel assured

The Sergeant-Major.

from the diplomatic advances made by one so near the Throne as he, that we have nothing to fear from the English speaking people of the other side. Incidentally he gave me to understand that he had the distinction of being the only Papist on the island, but that he—with delicate consideration for the somewhat rigid notions prevalent there in regard to church matters—was not working at it very hard.

"Na doot ye'll be wantin' a machine i' the mornin'?" said Jamie Cooper, a prominent citizen to whom I had the honor of being introduced. Jamie was short of stature and swelled gradually upward from his feet like a portly peg-topped vase and his face beamed as refulgent as a highly colored Edam cheese where it nestled in a mass of sun scorched hair and whiskers that boiled out over the top of his collar like an illuminated fountain. He was old and eager and innocent and short of breath, but he turned on the Scotch and told me all about the toon and the nahboorhood where he had lived these mony a year.

A "Machine."

Jamie glowed with pride of country as he dilated on the braw wither they had there,—when it didn't happen to be rainin'; what noble mootan they raised; what grand crops of barley an' ates they got from off the *top* of the groond exceptin' in years when it was say-goosted by the salt spray which sometimes blawed over the land in a bletherin' blawst; an' what noble 'neeps and petats they got *out of it*—just bootiful to look upon—not to mention most cheerin' wusky which they made, which

was quite becomin' an' quite necessary to coonteract the cawld an' storm.

And I felt that I was really and truly inside the Bonnie Briar Bush at last!

James Cooper, Southend, Coachirer, Stromness.

"And ye'll be wantin' a machine 'ame a thinkin'," he urged.

"A *machine?* What do we want of—"

"I, but ye'll be *wantin'* one safe enoo. Ye'll gang ta the Moond na doot—an' ta the Standin' Stanes."

"Ah! the Standing Stones—of course—but about this *machine*—"

"Hoot mon! Ye'll na walket a' the way! Its farrer nor ye'll laik. Twull cost ye boot a shillin' a mile an' I have *eel*-egant machines. Booth single and dooble—driven an' withoot."

And with much labored breathing he wrote out his business card for me.

Light broke over my clouded intellect. The thing you ride—be it curricle, caryole, omnibus or dog-cart—is a "machine."

Of course we took a machine. The roads are excellent; of broken stone covered with dirt. Stone walls bound the roads and lanes and divide the fields. On the higher ground are masses of heather, dark green underneath, their tops rich with their wealth of purple blossoms. Sheep and "coos" are feeding on the slopes or gathered within stone closes. The farm buildings are of stone, low-walled and solid, the roofs of heavy stone slabs over-lapping each other like ordinary shingles and with immense stone chimneys rising from the ground. Hay-barn, cow-stable, pig-stye and family quarters are grouped under one roof or in continuous line, commonly with communicating doors between. The streams that run through the hollows are gathered in little ponds at intervals and made to turn the wheels of tiny mills,

The "Coos."

grinding the farmers' oats into flour. Numerous stills exist, for every man is privileged to make his own whiskey which is looked upon by many of the most strict as one of the necessaries of life.

A Farm House.

About us are fields where bloody battles were fought when human heads were the trophies and carried proudly dripping at the saddlebow or dangling at the belt of the swaggering victor. Here human beings were sacrificed to the blood-loving gods of the Norse savages who drove the Painted People off the face of the earth.

The Mound of Maeshowe is believed to be a survival of these early days. It contains a chamber about fifteen feet square with three small, oven-like cells on three sides. It is entered through a square tunnel something less than three feet high and fifty feet in length. The sides and top of the tunnel are slabs of stone. The ceiling of the large room is twice a tall man's height.

A Water Mill.

Scratched on the side walls is the picture of a marine orohippidœ bestrode by an inverted heraldic lobster. Also ancient runes in old Norse over which antiquarians have torn their venerable hair in vain. Translated? O yes, of course. The trouble is

The Mound of Maeshowe.

we authorities cannot exactly get together. On the following page is a copy of the original reproduced from a book by Wm. Peace & Son, Kirkwall, Orkney, which you may read and compare with the several translations given. It is much finer when read in the original I assure you—it loses much of its florescence in the translation. Observe the first line—in the original—the incisive directness, suggestive of the wild nature of the fiery Skald; note in the second the tempered sweetness, and

The Dragon of Maeshowe.

in the third the twittering flow in which the *motif* is carried so smoothly, and finally, mark with what heroic ruggedness the mysterious climax is reached in the fourth! You will note with sorrow that all this is lacking in the first four translations.

Prof. Stephens' translation:

"With this axe
Owned by Kor
Hews the son of Traenil
Along southern shores."

Prof. Rafn translates it:

"With this axe
Owned by Gauk,
The Son of Trandil
In the south of the country."

Prof. Munch makes it:

"With this axe which
Gonkr Traenaldson owned
On the south side
Of the country."

Principal Barclay puts it:

"Along with the
Respected Oksi
Krugr Tranilson traveled
In southern lands."

I have made a careful translation which the facts seem to support. Here it is:

"With his little hatchet
Owned by G. W.
Hews the Son of Agun,
Eþ Luribus U Num."

The Mound of Maeshowe doesn't reveal itself for nothing. You have to pay for the privilege of crawling into it. As we turned from the main road into the field to approach it we were followed by a grizzled Ancient and a younger old man, who approached heavily. The Ancient unlocked the make-shift door and stood guarding it silently—an uninviting, impassive stock.

The Ancient Rune.

"Can we go in?" asked our spokesman.

"Ye *kin* if ye *want!*" snapped the Ancient.

"Well—ah—I—ah—I suppose we must pay something for admission."

"Ye *wull* if ye git *in,*" is the response.

"Why certainly—we expect to, but—how much?"

"*Sux*-pence."

When the silver had been carefully inspected the Ancient of days humped itself and worked its way into the mound, and we after it. A candle lighted after much difficulty helped to reveal the famous Viking runes and the curious beast—the one on the wall—and the entrances to the side cells—or sells whichever is the correct orthography—and the wet floor and the dripping roof. It was cold and uncomfortable and smelt like a potato cellar. We did not linger long over the runic rhymes but crept thankfully out into the sunshine, asking the Ancient to come out and be photographed. Instead, when our younger old man heard the suggestion he also dived into the tunnel like a gopher into his hole.

"Are you coming out?" we shouted. "We want your picture."

"Wee'll ye won't *gat* it," came from within.

"Won't? We'll see about that."

So we arranged with loud directions to each other to stand at the sides and snap the caged Scotts when they came out and then, as time was pressing, gently departed for more interesting parts.

The Standing Stones of Stenness are in broken circles where the loch of Stenness hangs like a huge sad-

The Standing Stones of Stenness.

dle-bag on either side of the peninsula of Brogar. There are part of two circles and some scattering ones. Of the original sixty stones, which is the estimated number that once stood in the larger circle, but thirteen are standing to-day. They are of slaty formation, averaging ten feet in height above ground. They show no mark of chisel or inscription of any kind. History is silent as to their origin but it is believed they date vastly farther back than the Mound of Maeshowe, and tradition credits them to the ancient Painted People and for want of a better explanation suggests that they were in some way connected with the religious worship. It seems to me, however, that this habit of crediting savages—who hadn't advanced far enough to know that just a little bit of clothing was becoming even if uncomfortable—with the erection of imperishable temples of worship has gone about far enough.

When we went down to our boats that night the town crier was going through the street of Stromness ringing his bell and every little ways pausing with the announcement:

"Ah yea! Ah yea! Ah yea! The excoorsun steamer wull depar-r-r-t from the landin', 'ga'in oot ta the big American ship Owyo at four oo the clock shaarp. Retarn trip saxpence."

And when we sailed out toward Hoy Head, the last sounds wafted to our ears from the people of Stromness were many voices sweetly singing *"The Days of Auld Lang Syne."*

VI.

THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

THE town of Lerwick lay slaty-blue, and clear cut against the the hills—frosty looking even as October days although it was mid-summer—when we looked upon it from our anchorage in the early Sabbath morning. There was no crowd of inquisitive natives gathered around us such as had come out at Stromness even before the anchor was down. The water front was deserted. It might have been a city of the dead so far as life and motion were discernable except that here and there from some chimney arose a thin thread of smoke into the still air. Was human nature here unlike human nature elsewhere? Were these people so totally different from their neighbors a hundred miles at the south? Not at all. It was simply the Scotch Sabbath! We were passing through the region where that phenomenon might be expected and where the line between working days and the Lord's day are as sharply drawn as are the shadows on the moon where exists no softening atmosphere.

THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

The Shetland Islands are as the Orkneys. Their early people and history are the same; less notable because of greater distance from old centers of contention and showing in a lesser degree, the bloody ripple-marks of successive waves of invasion. There are above a hundred islands of this group, one-quarter of which are inhabited. The southernmost of these is a hundred miles from the northermost of the Orkneys. The largest of the Shetlands is sixty miles long and ten across. Lerwick, on this larger island, is the principal town, with a population of about 4,000, while little hamlets and scatterings on other islands bring this grand total to something over thirty thousand souls. With the Orkneys these islands form a county and send one member to the British parliament. The surface is rugged, the climate decidedly moist, but the Gulf stream saves it from utter congelation. Its products are cod and herring, cattle, sheep and ponies. Without going into unnecessary detail as to the origin of species it may be assumed that the inhabitants of these islands grow up Scotch simply because this sort of soil produces that sort of people. The indications are that they are of Scandinavian extract with a dash of Celtic. If planted on German soil they would no doubt have developed vast stomachs and an insatiable longing for beer but here, through the mysterious alchemy in which the fruits of the sea and the salts of the soil are transmuted into blood and bone and mind and muscle, it produces the entity which we recognize as Scotch, as naturally as the black mud which the Nile brings down from equatorial Africa has perpetuated the unchanging Egyptian, or as the conditions prevailing in the Western World is to-day slowly but surely transforming the descendants of round headed blondes into a leaner people with darkened skins and the high cheek bones which characterized the American

"The Scotch Sabbath."

aborigine—but this question has agitated thicker heads than ours and is still unsettled.

Lerwick is like Stromness in general appearances except that it is more a business success and has finer buildings. The main street wriggles along the shore with lumpy enlargements here and there and contractions in places where two carts can with difficulty pass. Through the residence portion were high walls on both sides topped with sharp pointed stones stuck in cement. Solid, wooden doors set in the walls and fastened within insured privacy to occupants.

A Street in Lerwick.

In the door of one of the well-to-do houses sat a little bob-tailed terrier, disconsolately. He was stripped of all joyousness—bowed down with weight of woe—for he was evidently in disgrace! Perhaps he had been out with the boys the night before and returned, alas, to find the door shut and an opportunity to repent at leisure. Ah, well he knew that frivolous amusements were not to be rashly indulged in or lightly condoned; that he must answer for every idle bark, and that swift and certain punishment lay in wait for any little dog so lost to all sense of propriety as to wag his unregenerate tail on the Scotch Sabbath!

And yet there was something sweet and good about the quiet of that Sabbath morning—in the gentle coming of the old men and women with bowed heads and—alas too often rounded

backs that should have been straight—and the younger men and maidens, and the pretty bairns, fresh and clean but so hushed and devoid of life as to make one wonder if they *ever* had young thoughts. And thus they came to the kirk in twos and threes, soberly, with never a smile on their downcast faces—for it was the Lord's day and not a day for idle thoughts or sports. And in somewhat of a like spirit we went, at times suppressing an almost uncontrollable inclination to do some absurd thing just to see if these wooden faced people had any cheering human weaknesses about them.

The kirk where we gathered to listen to the established word was severely plain. No tower broke the uncompromising lines of the broad roof; no ornate portal suggested beautiful things within. At eleven o'clock, precisely, the doors were opened; at eleven-five the downcast congregation began to arrive; at eleven-fifteen all were in their places.

I am not prepared to pass on the sermon although it was evidently directed at me. It seemed to show how much better it would be if we were only safely dead and canonized instead of being now in the sinful enjoyment of life and health. The minister drew an entrancing picture of the happiness in store in the next world for those who are becomingly miserable in this. As he put it it *didn't* seem hardly right to be joyful on this day when one should be wrenched with doubts about his soul's future welfare. It *was* undoubtedly wrong to take comfort in the blue sky, and the sweet odors of the sun warmed earth, and in listening to the voices of the wicked little birds singing

"Waiting."

their week-day songs on the Sabbath! But, I fear I am too much inclined to be recklessly trustful in the faith that He is better pleased with even thoughtless smiles than with groans and tears—and the effect wasn't lasting.

There is much to be admired in the Scotch religious character although it is somewhat hard living with it at times. Touch the question of religion it stiffens at once. It has "doots" about whatever is pleasant and sees the hand of Satan in anything that tends to soften agonized worship. It never sees the grim humor in the use of the lash to encourage Abiding Love. It recognizes no easy way into the Kingdom. It takes great joy in being miserable! To be efficacious, religion must be applied as a counter irritant—a sort of spiritual mustard plaster to the flesh to relieve the quakings of the soul.

That the religious conviction of the people was not a garment put on or to be taken off lightly, was clearly shown. They had made great preparations in anticipation of our coming. If we had arrived on schedule time, hundreds of dollars would have changed hands, but we were a day late and when we finally did arrive the Scotch Sabbath had shut down with the irrevocable relentlessness of a time lock. The two or three places that braved public opinion smacked of the junk shop. Some of our good people (who were strict enough observers of the proprieties at home) sought in vain for a weak spot in the armor of the conscientious dealers, and no better proof of their unyielding nature could be asked than was shown in the refusal to open their stores. It meant serious loss but money could not buy them.

Foula is twenty miles west of the Shetland group, its red cliffs rising sheer from the sea a thousand feet, suggesting the rock of Gibraltar. Foula is identified by some as the "Ultima Thule" of

the Romans and even to-day is little known or regarded. It is accessible in places and gives home to between two and three hundred people who under a steady fish diet have—according to general report—developed spines that render it impossible for them to get their clothes off over their heads. They claim descent from the early Norse. In an old book, "Low's Tour thro' Orkney and Shetland in 1774," is given the Lord's prayer in the Foula dialect: "*Fyvor oer i Chimeri. Halagt vara nam det. La konungdum, den Cumma. La vill din vera guerde i vrildin sindrac i Chimeri. Gav vus dagh u daglight brau. Forgive sinder wasa sin wi forgiva gem ao sinda gainst wus. Lia wus ski* (o) *vera tempa but delivera wus fro adlu idlu for do ir konungdom u pwre u glori.*"

Foula.

VII.

FAROE ISLANDS.

THE Faroes were sighted on the morning of July 12. Thorshavn as viewed from the ship was not imposing. It seemed a jumble of moss covered rocks. On looking closer we noticed that many of the seeming rocks had openings under the overhanging moss. One rather pleasant looking structure was obviously the home of the great man of the town. A single church spire rose out of the jumble above a considerable roof.

Thorshavn is the most picturesque place we have visited—and the dirtiest. The streets follow the usual sheep paths. The houses are planted in the usual erratic manner without regard to point of compass, height, angle or slope. Most of them are covered with sod roofs on which long grass is growing and through which stone chimneys or stove-pipes project. No provision is made for the passage of wagons or carts. It isn't necessary—there are none there. The streets are of earth, hard packed or muddy according to the weather. Geese and ducks waddle unconcernedly about, taking little trouble to get out of the way.

Thorshavn.

THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Shops are found in the most out-of-the-way places. You climb ladder-like stairs or are led through tunnels—a kitchen perhaps—to reach the article for which you have inquired. You are not urged to buy. You are supposed to know what you want and able to ask for it.

The chief business is fishing and the curing of fish. The slopes of the rocks are the drying grounds where the fish are spread out in the occasional sunshine, or contain "pockets" where the fish are put in pickle or to wash. Women scrub the fish with brushes such as are ordinarily used for cleaning floors. They—the fish—are then stacked up to drain or spread out on the rocks to dry.

Thorshavn is the only town of the Faroes. They claim a population of fifteen hundred. You wonder where they put them—they must burrow thick. It is never very cold nor very hot here—thanks to the Gulf Stream—but it is commonly wet. Aside from fish the main dependence of the people is sheep. It was so from the beginning of their history; the original meaning of Faroe is said to be "sheep islands."

These islands belong to Denmark. To sustain the dignity of Faroeland calls for a Governor, a Judge and a Sheriff—all appointed by the Crown. The Governor is the Commander in Chief of an army of twenty-two men. This force guards the Governor's residence; rows his boat whenever he visits any of the twenty-two islands constituting the group, patrol the town when necessary, do chores for his Excellency, guard the prison and man the fort. The fort is said to be over three hundred years old—it is not large for its age. On its ramparts lie guns of which all nations do well to stand in awe. The gun carriages have disappeared it is true but the guns are there, about six or

Along Shore.

MAIN STREET OF THORSHAVN.

four pounders, which are a menace to all people who otherwise might have the temerity to trifle with the powers behind.

Faroe people are proud of their descent from the ancient Viking. You may think from their appearance that they have descended a long way, but that is simply a matter of opinion. They are proud of the age of their metropolis which dates back to the 8th century—it looks it. They are proud of their language. They say it is the nearest to original Norse of any now spoken—not barring Icelandic even. They have a number of books printed in Faroese and publish a fortnightly paper. Here is a bit of history in Faroese:

"Ajn Mavur er nevndur Grujmur Kamban, han four fistur at biggja Fojar, meni Haraldur hin harfagri var a Dovum; tuflujddi firi Owdomi hansara mengur Mavur; summir settu se uj Forjum og bigdu har, men sumnir lajtava til onnur Ojuland."

(TRANSLATION — "A man named Grim Kamban first inhabited the Faroes, in the time of Harald the Fairhaired. At that time many fled before the violence of Harald, of whom some settled on the Faroes and others went in search of similar uninhabited countries.")

Thorshavn City Waterworks.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Here are some facts about President McKinley as gleaned from the Faroe paper.

Oprørerne paa Kuba

ere da endelig bukkede under for Spanierne, idet Hovedmændene for Opstanden ere dels faldne i Kampen, dels tagne til Fange. Over de fangne Oprørshøvdinger er der fældet Dødsdom; men da den nordamerikanske Præsident Mac Kinley er gaaet i Forbøn for dem, har Henrettelsen endnu ikke fundet Sted.

They are a picturesque people. They have high cheek bones, long noses, blue eyes and flaxen or light brown hair. The old Vikings were pirates by profession and were proud of it. The modern Faroeman looks like a pirate and dresses like one according to old pictures of that highly interesting class. He wears a short jacket, knee breeches with a lot of buttons down the slit on the outside—which usually goes unbuttoned and flapping—and coarse gray stockings of native uncolored wool. He wears soft skin slippers about the house. When he goes out he thrusts his slippered toes into a heavier slipper consisting of enameled cloth, or leather toe-cover, attached to heavy wooden soles an inch or more in thickness. The boys and girls wear the same sort of shoe in proportionate sizes and, as

Church at Thorshavn.

they go flippety-flop when their wearers walk, you may imagine something of the clatter when a lot of them are in a hurry to get somewhere.

They are universally courteous. The men take off their caps in greeting each other and the roughest lifts his from his head with the air of a Chesterfield when meeting a lady of Faroe—who may perhaps with scrubbing brush in hand be returning from the fragrant realm where she has officiated at the ablutions of the saline cod. With a guide I visited the public school in session. The master—a young native—rose to greet us as we entered and with him all the children in concert. The books in hand and the charts on the walls suggested that Faroe children were as well advanced as are the children in the average small town of the United States. The established religion is Lutheran. The services are held in Danish, the church seating about four hundred.

The one great affliction here is rheumatism. Deformity of the spine is common—many of the old people being hunch-backed and twisted, as had been remarked concerning the elderly people of the Orkney and Shetland Islands. They have little of the diseases of vice according to the Philadelphia doctor, who made it his regular business to go poking about in disagreeable places, who loved microbes and doted on bacteria and reveled in unsanitary discoveries, and had a habit of coming on board at the last moment glowing with perspiration and triumph at some discovery that was bound to revolutionize the science of medicine. Toward evening we steamed away. Many of the islands were startling in their weird grandeur, rising out of the frothing water like ragged teeth, their wild beauty enhanced by the drifting clouds under which they vanished as we went outward into that unknown west.

"Microbes."

AN ICELANDIC CRATER.

VIII.

ICELAND.

ICELAND might as well have been named Fireland. Its history is written upon its surface. Its genesis is an upheaval and an outwelling from the fires that slumber yet beneath its crust as revealed in its hot springs. It lies six hundred and fifty miles west of Norway and four hundred and forty-four east of Greenland. It is a little larger than Ireland, extending three hundred miles east and west and two hundred north and south. Its extreme northerly point projects a mile beyond the Arctic Circle and here for a brief period of summer the Midnight Sun is visible and in winter its longest night is a hundred hours from sun to sun. Its southern and eastern sides are tempered by the ocean currents while its northern and western sides, exposed to the ice-cold waters of the Greenland sea, give little chance for vegetation except of the hardier kind. The interior is principally a plateau standing from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet above

A Peat field.

the sea in height, studded with mountain peaks which rise to six thousand feet. The higher land is never free from snow. A thin fringe of humanity has gathered around the southern edge and a few hardy farmers are found at intervals along the more northerly part, but according to Prof. W. G. Locke, who is an authority on Icelandic matters, there are not more than a half dozen families living upward of forty miles inland from the coast. The entire population is about seventy-five thousand. Its chief business is fishing and the breeding of sheep and ponies. It has its own language, preserved from ancient times.

Lava Fields.

People of the temper of the old Vikings could not endure peace. It required a masterful head and a strong hand to unite them. Of such was Harald Haarfager "the Fair Haired" who succeeded in conquering and uniting most of the petty chiefs of Norway or—failing this—making the region too warm for them. Among these who refused to be pacified were two brothers, Ingolfr and Leifr who, with their retainers sailed for Iceland in 874. Approaching the island they threw out, as was the custom when going to a new land, the high posts which had supported

the seats of honor in their paternal home. Wherever these came to land the owner would locate permanently. They made their home temporarily on the southern coast, sending searching parties out at intervals to find if perchance their high seat posts had drifted to shore. After three years the posts were found in a bay at the southwesterly point of the island and here they established their home. Here to-day stands Reykjavik, the chief town and the capital of the island.

The laws of Iceland as imported by the Norsemen were the laws of those days generally—a question of might, tempered by the reigning head of the company. It was purely patriarchal. Each chief took possession of as much land as he could hope to maintain by force of arms. Each was independent of every other—a law unto himself. With him was life and death for those under him. Feuds were frequent at first. Later as the island became more thickly populated chiefs came together to confer on matters of mutual interest and to agree on general rules to govern all. Out of this grew the Republic. At the beginning of the tenth century Iceland had a population of sixty or seventy thousand. Early in the eleventh century the established law was written down and contained many articles which to-day are considered models in jurisprudence. In the thirteenth century Iceland was at its zenith as a literary center. Montgomery says:

> "Iceland shone with glorious lore renowned
> A northern light when all was gloom around."

And then, when it had reached its most perfect condition as a commonwealth—as has been too often the case in other governments by representation—corruption crept in and on the rule-or-ruin policy theory those who had failed in the struggle for leadership conspired to destroy and in 1264 the Icelandic Republic

MAIN STREET OF REYKJAVIK.

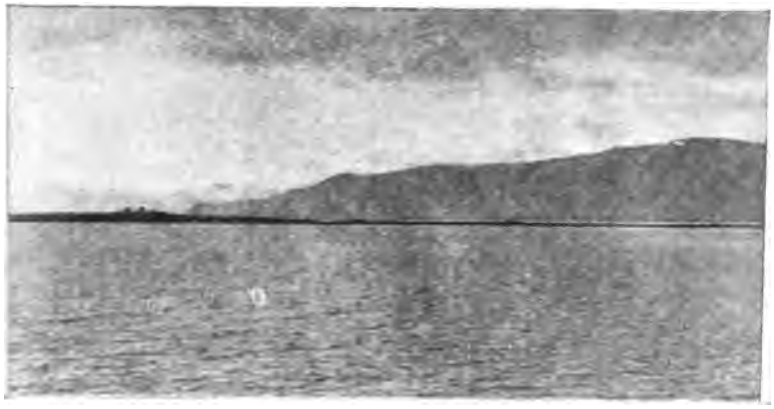
made the humiliating acknowledgment that self-government was a failure and asked their old masters to take them in charge again. Now Iceland is a dependency of Denmark.

Eric the Red was red headed, and ready handed where offence was given or imagined. This led to trouble and finally led him to visit Greenland in 982. In the year 1000 Leif, Red Eric's son, sailed still farther west and continuing down along the coast, established a settlement in the land which he named "Vineland" which to-day we recognize as a part of New England.

It is a matter of record that Columbus visited Iceland in 1477. While there he undoubtedly heard of the western land which Leif Ericson had visited. Columbus' struggles with the foreign lobbyists are now matters of history. How much the New World owes to his mother-in-law who gave him unlimited advice and access to her husband's charts we may never know. Isabella furnished the ships. Had it not been for these two noble women we might have remained undiscovered savages to this day.

Wednesday, July 14th, 1897, the "Ohio" sailed into the harbor where more than a thousand years before the high seat posts cast upon the waters by Ingolfr came to land. Under the sun lay Reykjavik, a thin, gray village stretching on the shore. Far inland rose blue ridges, and peaks covered with snow. At the north, and around towards the west and south, were other mountains with sides and summits flecked with white. Nearby were long, low islands where the eider ducks breed, their borders brown seaweed, their swelling slopes, bright green grass.

Going ashore we spread out through the town. It was not remarkable or grand in any respect. Notwithstanding its thousand years of existence



Reykjavik Harbor.

it has a temporary, makeshift sort of appearance like our western towns which may have grown up in a year, then grown old and weather beaten. Nowhere in the buildings or grounds surrounding them are seen indications of care as to form or beauty. It was simple and practical but nothing outside seemed intended to delight the eye. There are no trees here to cast their shadow or to be trained into forms of beauty. The buildings afford protection to their inmates and business, and that seems to be about all that is required.

Cathedral and Senate House.

The main street runs parallel with the shore. A number of short, cross streets end in the bleak fields. Facing a public square stand the parliament building, the cathedral, the post office. The sidewalks are of hard packed earth. The gutters of the main street are deep, unprotected ditches. The principal business buildings and dwellings are of wood. Some of the older houses are of stone with sod roofs, on which the long grass grows and daisies blossom; some have sod sides, some mixed stone and sod, some of corrugated iron which is commonly used for modern

A Roof Garden.

roofs. Lumber and iron are expensive here as it is all imported. The windows of houses are generally large, occupying a considerable portion of the fronts. A noticeable feature is the window garden. Often in the humblest windows will be seen lace curtains, and banks of flowers in bloom. There seems to be no thought of hiding the interior with thick curtains. It is a pleasant commentary on the people that they do not feel the necessity of shutting out from public view whatever may be going on within.

A Water Carrier.

The people are not strikingly different in appearance from Americans generally and the Icelandic tongue lends itself easily to the American way of speaking, so that the English speaking Icelander would pass for an American anywhere. As for dress, the ready-made things of the earth are in its shops and on the backs and heads and feet of its people—particularly the masculine portion thereof. As a rule the Icelander is a blonde, running to high cheek bones and a long nose. The men wear side whiskers, rather broad than long. The boys run to Tam o' Shanters and sweaters. The common foot-covering of the girls and women are pointed, soleless shoes, or moccasins, made of sheep or goat skin with the hair on. The stockings worn by the common women, the boys and the men are of wool, gray and thick.

Femininity retains something of its old time national fashions. It inclines to aprons, elaborate with embroidery, and to ample shawls which they drape about themselves in graceful lines. On their heads they wear crocheted silk and wool mats pinned to the hair by ordinary brass pins. From the centre of this mat hangs a cord of silk with a big silk

A Coal Heaver.

ICELANDIC HEIRESSES.

tassel, gathered in a ferule of silver filagree. This tassel usually dangles jauntily over the left ear, its strands a foot long. The best type of girlhood is tall and slender with natural blonde hair and blue eyes and with cheeks so wonderfully red that the blood seems ready to break through the transparent skin—a peculiarity which belongs particularly to Iceland to a degree that I never saw equaled anywhere else. The little girls wear their hair in two braids hanging down their backs. Young ladyhood wears hers braided and in a single loop backward from the shoulders. Farther advanced in age the braids are gathered in three or four festoons. In the lower orders—assuming that there are classes in Iceland—the women do heavy work indiscriminately with the men. I saw women drawing loaded carts through the streets, and, as coal heavers at the wharfs, carrying heavy bags on their stalwart backs.

Iceland's Policeman.

Its great buildings are the cathedral, senate house, college, hospital and governor-general's residence. The cathedral would pass for an ordinary church building if you did not know it to be a cathedral. The senate building is of substantial stone with rooms for the meeting of the Icelandic legislature. In an upper room is the museum with its famous collection of ancient relics, which appears to be a collection of things unknown and of uncertain value. The established church is Lutheran but not all are members. There are about four hundred Roman Catholics on the island. Here also in the streets I saw placid featured, blue gowned, scoop-bonneted women and red-shirted men such as may be seen over a large share of the civilized earth. On their red hat ribbons is printed in a single word—"*Salnhjalparherinn.*" It sounds fishy but it is the Icelandic way of saying Salvation Army.

The Governor's House.

"EVERYBODY RIDES."

The people naturally believe themselves to be the leaven of the universe. It is fair to assume that the other extreme is not found here. One who could not read would be considered a freak. Books belonging to the public library go to the extreme ends of the island and are held by families until their contents are fully absorbed, it being understood that the limit of time shall not very much exceed a year. There are six newspapers published in Reykjavik—daily, semi-weekly, weekly, and monthly. The very latest from the disturbed Spanish sphere of influence in America is here reproduced.

Matter relating to our arrival, clipped from the Reykjavik "Dagokia."

Cuba. *Martinez Campos* **yfirforingi og landstjóri Spánverja á Cuba varð að fara frá völdum í janúar. Þótti Spánverjum honum verða lítið ágengt. Campos er talinn hinn vænsti drengr, og réð jafnan til að létta harðstjórnaroki því, sem Spánverjar um langan aldr hafa haldið Cubu búum í. Eftirmaðr hans** *Weyler* **er harðneskjumaðr og þykist munu bæla uppreistina niðr með hörku og grimd. Nú hefir uppreistin staðið í langan tima og Spánverjum ekkert orðið ágengt. Þeir hafa mist aragrúa af mönnum, flesta af sjúkdómi (gulsótt).** *Maceo* **og** *Gomez* **heita aðalforingjar uppreistarmanna.**

The money of Iceland is the Danish "ora" and "krone." It takes one hundred ora to make a krone which is worth twenty-seven cents, American money. Modern things are coming however. There was but one carriage on the island in 1897 as I was told by its owner. There is one telephone line extending a short distance and sixty miles of good road leading out from the town. There were twenty bicycles on the island—one of them a lady's.

Transportation is universally by pony-back. They use cum-

Gufuskipið Ohio, er getið hefir verið um áður hjer í blaðinu, kom hingað í morgun, með um 90 farþega. Lagði af stað frá New York 24. f. m. Það er 2500 smál. að stærð. Það heldur áfram ferð sinni á morgun áleiðis til Noregs og Rússlands.

At the Hot Springs.

bersome pack saddles for carrying merchandise. The ponies go in long trains, the second with halter tied to the leader's tail, then others in succession to the end of the line. Two or three men mounted on ponies direct these trains with an equal number of ponies unloaded. Later the packs are transferred so that each in turn carries its part.

Everybody rides, and specially sure-footed beasts are chosen for the saddle. Saddles are of various kinds from the modern to the most ancient. Ladies' saddles are often like an arm-chair with wooden back in a half circle on one side and a broad wooden shelf hanging at the opposite on which the two feet may rest. The ponies usually go at a mincing trot or a pounding gallop. There are stirrups to the men's saddles but the native disdains to use them. When he would urge his beast to a faster gait he swings his long legs—almost anyone's legs appear long on an Icelandic pony—outward then brings them together under the little beast in a way that is quite effective if not particularly graceful—and he seems to be doing this a good share of the time. Projecting elbows, and legs opening and shutting under the pony like a pair of calipers is the vogue. Two kroner per day pays for a saddle-pony and three kroner for a guide. The ponies are seldom vicious but somewhat stubborn when their ideas and yours are at variance. On the whole, however, they are pleasant, lovable little creatures and without them Iceland would be forlorn indeed.

The hot springs are two miles from Reykjavik. We saw women going and coming with bags of clothes which they were taking out to wash, the labor of going and coming being less considered than the fuel required to heat water at home. The springs are in a low lying section a little removed from the edge

Icelandic Kids.

On the way to the Crater.

of the sea. Volumes of steam hang over them and over the stream which flows away. On the edges of stone-walled trenches, into which the hot water flows from the main vent, women kneel to dip their clothes and then bunching the masses on the smooth rock pound them vigorously with flat clubs.

Our guide suggested the delightful character of coffee to be had at a house close by and we were almost persuaded to test the much lauded beverage. Not to everyone is given the privilege to drink of the outpouring of the volcano—a beverage brewed in Nature's laboratory. Even as we waver the tempter comes with coffee-pot in hand. She stoops and plunges the shining vessel deep into the bubbling water and lifts it steaming and dripping. The aroma is spicy and fragrant. But I notice that in dipping it was necessary to push aside sundry stockings and other articles of wearing apparel soaking there—and I decided that coffee was not absolutely necessary to my happiness.

I am not fond of coffee anyway.

These hot springs must not be confounded with the great Geyser (Gusher) which is two days' ride distant and after all is not the wonderful affair it was understood to be in days before the Yellowstone region was known where there are twenty greater and altogether more reliable.

We took ponies to visit an old crater fifteen miles away. The way led along scorie covered slopes and through streams, and across tufted plains to a cone-shaped hill of red slag built up of volcanic ash—a breathing hole of earth in old volcanic days.

Returning to tide-water we found the fishing lodge of an Englishman—understood to be Lord Somebody-or-other—who had leased the salmon stream and was found, leg deep, where the fresh water met the salt, whipping the surface industriously, and

with very satisfactory results as we can gratefully testify for he presented us with a big salmon as the nucleus of a very interesting dinner at a near-by farm-house which had been one of the objective points of the trip.

It was a purely Icelandic dinner we wanted—and had—at the farm referred to. Not every farm in Iceland is inviting to the average American or European by its appearance and accessories. Someone has said that dirt is simply matter out of place. In the best of Icelandic farms there is usually found considerable matter out of place, and this was no exception. Yet we were told it was one of the best farms on the island.

A farm in the Icelandic sense need not be cultivable. It consists usually of grazing land with possibly a little banked-in plot near the house devoted to onions and turnips. The farm is often extensive, its boundaries not always well defined. The home of the farmer is practically a colony by itself—house, barn, store, shop, and often mill. The farmer is fisherman, herdsman, builder, weaver, blacksmith and everything else necessary to render him independent of everybody else.

A narrow lane between parallel stone and mud walls led from the main road to the farm-house which was also horse stable and cellar combined. This lane must have been like a canal in wet weather with its bottom of thoroughly mixed mud and filth, where ponies, sheep and goats had equal rights with the human members up to the very door. Outwardly the house consisted of a sharp-peaked central building of wood, the second story contained within the slope of a corrugated iron roof. There were additional smaller sections, of stone

The Silent Man from Albany.

and earth walls and sod covered roofs. Some of these were of uncertain uses, some unmistakably the sleeping apartments of cows and sheep and pigs, and had—except for the tunnel-like opening which was the entrance—no visible provision for ventilation or the admission of light.

We entered the house through a dark, earthy tunnel which finally gave admission to the main part through smaller rooms. The main room was about twelve feet square, the ceiling eight feet high, its sides and walls matched boards. The furniture consisted of a modern chiffonier and mirror, a small sideboard, two rude tables of differing levels, placed as one, surrounded on three sides by wooden benches. On the wall were a Swiss clock and a framed death record containing a poetical effusion in Icelandic setting forth the virtues of the deceased, in accordance with a common custom which keeps in gentle prominence the memory of those who have been and passed on.

Our dinner consisted of the salmon, boiled and served in chunks, with drawn butter; white bread that was leathery and black bread that was sour and coffee and milk *ad libitum*. There were three kinds of cheese, made severally from cow's, goat's and sheep's milk. The first was oily and mostly holes, the second looked and felt like sapolio, was gritty and salty but said to be very strengthening and lasting. The cheese made from the sheep's milk was best of all. It resembled what we call Dutch or cottage cheese, was white as snow, dainty and palatable. The native Icelander consumes large quantities of this, which is known as "skyr."

The kitchen was in one of the numerous additions to the main mass. Filling one side was a big stone platform. On it were stones on edge forming three sides of a fire-box and covered

AN ICELANDIC FARM.

with an iron stove top. In this smouldered peat, which in Iceland is the common fuel. Kettles were suspended over the fire. There is no chimney for carrying off the smoke, a hole in the roof is supposed to answer this purpose but the smoke doesn't seem inclined in that direction. It usually fills the kitchen in a way that none but an Icelander can enjoy, but they make this serve their ends by utilizing the kitchen for a smoke-house where fish and mutton is cured by hanging just above their heads until properly smoked or needed.

The sleeping apartment was over the main rooms of the centre building and I was permitted to inspect it, the mistress of the farm showing her appreciation of the joke by prodding me in the ribs with a not too gentle hand in the most playful manner possible. Her Icelandic and my American did not render conversation entirely intelligible but no one could fail to understand that her intentions were to make me feel perfectly at home. The ascent to the sleeping room was by means of a ladder through a hole in the floor. Landed above I found a room under the sloping roof, extending the entire length of the middle section of the house, a small window tightly closed at each end. A small peat stove occupied a space on the opposite side from the opening through which I had entered. On each side were three box bedsteads end to end extending to fill the space. There was no dividing partitions or sheltering curtains between the beds, but here old and young, master and man, mistress and maid sleep the sleep of the just, unquestioned and undismayed, for it is the custom of the country and no one stops to wonder whether it is exactly proper or not.

July 16th we started out of Reykjavik harbor into the west, then headed north. The next morning found us still moving

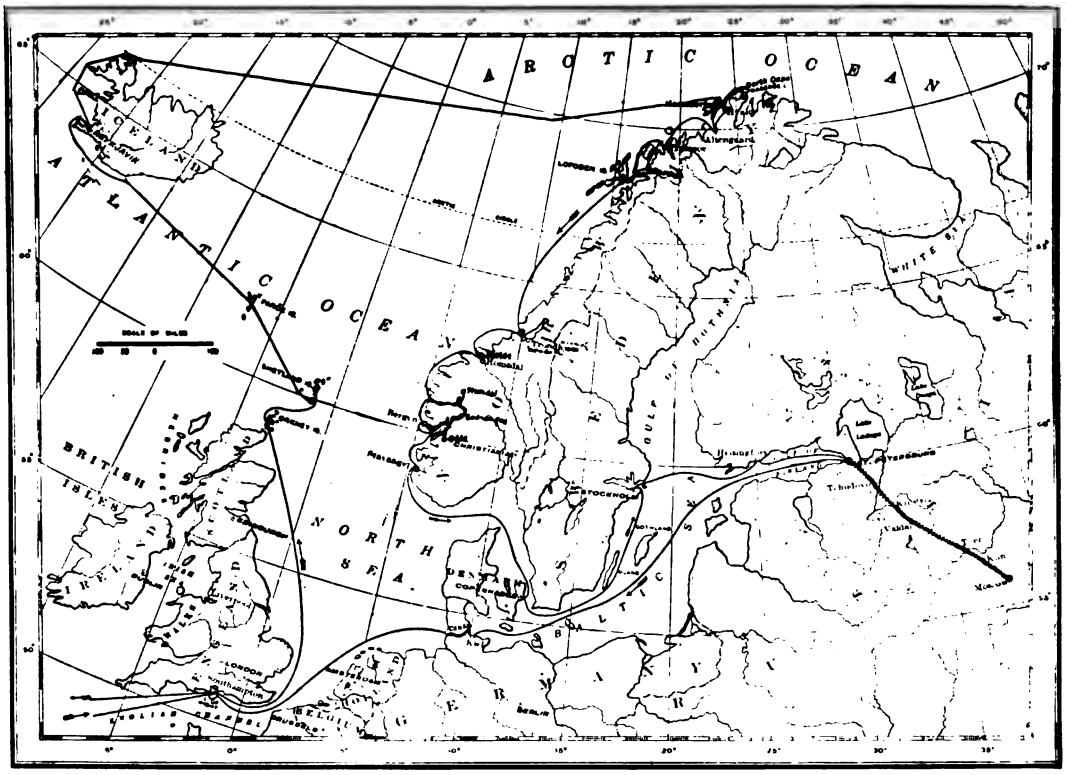
northward through the Greenland Sea along wild shores of blue-black rock appearing in a succession of rugged headlands between which deep fjords extended far inland. Snow could be seen in many places along the tops of the mountains and snow fields of vast extent beyond the broken battlement from which incipient glaciers made their way downward through gorges, or melting and continuing in liquid form, to leap in wind-whipped cascades down over hazy cliffs. The North Cape of Iceland—snow-flecked and rugged, rising in sharp points, rose before us and was passed, and then we went outward into the Arctic Ocean.

North Cape of Iceland.

We have done with Iceland for the present. It has furnished its lesson to us as it has to the world. I doubt if it was ever quite what the world has given it credit for. It has stood as the model of republics—and it has failed! When its people ceased to be savages, they lost the power to govern themselves and miserably called a stronger hand to guide, admitting that self-government was a failure. Fervid historians have credited Iceland with being the Ark in which all literary, scientific, poetic and artful animals and things were preserved throughout the destructive floods of the dark ages. Granted. And draw the line there. Among great names

ICELAND'S DISTINCTIONS.

Thorwaldsden's stands preëminent in art—and almost alone. Iceland claims him although he was born at sea; Denmark adopted him; Copenhagen entombed and glorified him. Yet measured with the world's best art his work is open to criticism. Even the great geyser, which of old was considered one of the wonders of the world, is a baby compared with America's spouters. And its volcanos—are they not of the past? Now she can hardly show an eruptive pimple. When you see Iceland, and absorb the air of current Icelandic opinion of itself you feel someway that it is a case of abnormally enlarged head induced by comparsion with the far away and the result of claiming distinctions until in time the reiterated assertions have been actually accepted as facts. I suspect those ancient Icelandic giants appeared colossal because they wisely stayed at home and shouted, when, if by chance they had strayed out into the wide world instead, some literary bunco steerer would have picked them up and run them into oblivion in short order. Give Iceland credit for being wholesome, upright, honest, possessed of all the virtues —albeit a little shaky on that one which we are told is next to godliness—universally educated to a moderate level—which through local eyes may seem to be the top—intensely loyal to itself and its traditions, deserving, poor and proud—and you have the Iceland of to-day.



Map of the Ohio Cruise of 1897.

IX

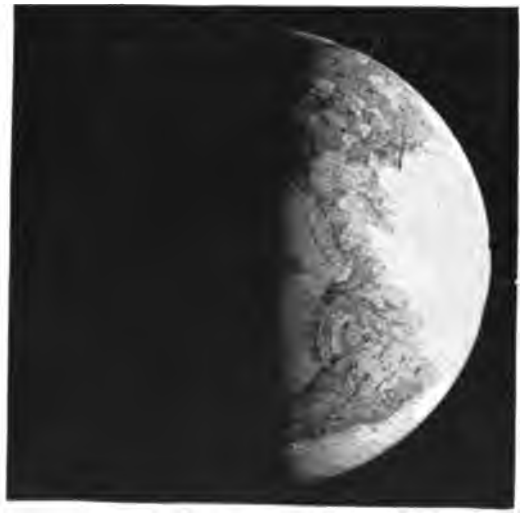
NAUTICAL.

WHILE at Reykjavik the sun set at exactly half a second before ten o'clock at night and rose at nine minutes past two o'clock the next morning—long enough you say perhaps for almost any thrifty farmer to get a satisfactory day's work out of the hired man. After crossing the Arctic Circle, we were for five days and nights in a section where the sun did not set at all but traveled in a great circle round and round, pursued by the lagging, but gradually growing, new moon, and would, but for the clouds which obscured it as midnight approached, have been visible all that time. During the time we were within the Arctic Circle, the temperature varied only about ten degrees, the highest being 49° and the lowest 39°, the temperature of the sea averaging but two degrees colder than the air. The sun as seen from the northernmost point reached was 39°, 17′ above the southern horizon at noon and but little more than its own diameter above the ocean in the north at midnight.

"The earth is round wise men declare
And hung on nothing in the air,"

* * * * *

But if instead the earth was flat
No man could tell where he was at.



The Earth as Lighted in June.

It is this rotundity of the earth which enables us to determine our place on it by comparing the position of the sun when it reaches its highest point in the heavens with the seeming plane of the ocean. Standing on ship-board fifteen feet above water the visible surface which appears as the horizon is about six miles away. Go fifteen feet higher and you can see the surface

"Taking the Sun."

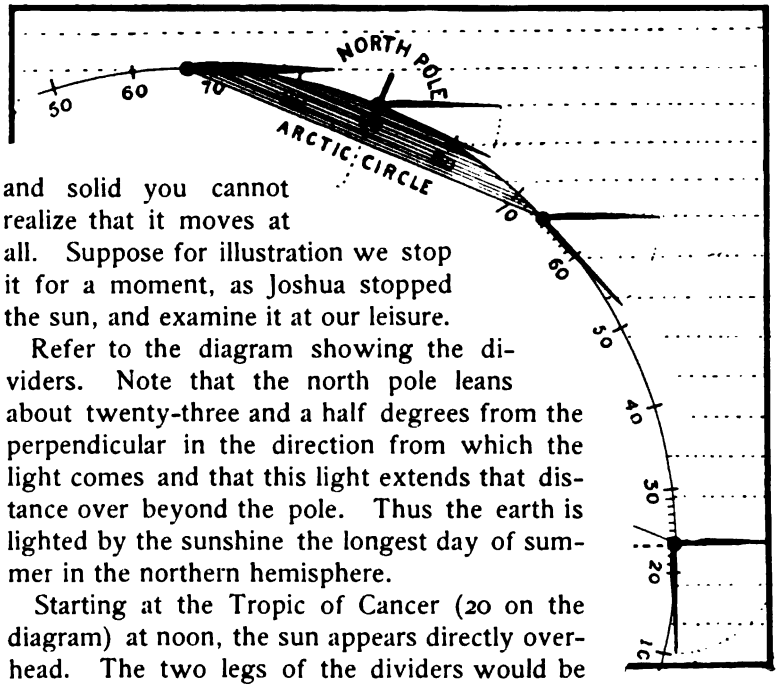
twelve miles away. To see it eighteen miles distant you must ascend forty-five feet and so on until the limit of vision is reached. The earth's surface is divided for convenience into 360 degrees of longitude marked on the globe in meridian lines running from pole to pole. For convenience, also, English

speaking people generally—and a good many navigators beside—have agreed on Greenwich as zero, numbering the degrees east and west until they come together on the opposite side of the earth at the 180th meridian. As the earth makes one complete revolution every twenty-four hours simple division shows that fifteen degrees on the surface represents one hour in time—four minutes, one degree. To find the longitude, note, when the sun is due south by compass, what time it is by the chronometer. The chronometer which every well regulated ship carries, never varying, never changed, gives you Greenwich time. The difference between noon, Greenwich time, and noon "suntime," shows your exact distance east or west of Greenwich meridian.

To find the latitude is equally simple. Almost any farmer's boy will "guess" the time of day by the position of the sun. The old sailor will "guess" the latitude equally well by the apparent altitude of the pole star in Northern waters and of the Southern cross at the south. It is simply a question of pointing one leg of a pair of dividers at the sun at noon and the other at the horizon under it, then to measure the angle of divergence and find the corresponding figures for that day on tables already worked out and carried by all well equipped vessels. The sextant is nothing more than a pair of dividers with reflectors which bring the sun and horizon on a line, and a graduated circle to show the angle. Plain dividers would answer if the navigator could look two ways at once, but this would call for a lot of cross-eyed captains with varying degrees of obliquity of vision to correspond with the different degrees, and good captains come high, so they use a sextant instead.

The inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic which gives us the delightful seasons, makes habitable that

section from which we may behold the midnight sun. This curious phenomena is not easily understood—and no wonder, for this eternal whirling of the earth makes one dizzy, it is so big



and solid you cannot realize that it moves at all. Suppose for illustration we stop it for a moment, as Joshua stopped the sun, and examine it at our leisure.

Refer to the diagram showing the dividers. Note that the north pole leans about twenty-three and a half degrees from the perpendicular in the direction from which the light comes and that this light extends that distance over beyond the pole. Thus the earth is lighted by the sunshine the longest day of summer in the northern hemisphere.

Starting at the Tropic of Cancer (20 on the diagram) at noon, the sun appears directly overhead. The two legs of the dividers would be open at right angles. As we go north the sun falls gradually behind, getting lower and lower as we advance. At the Arctic Circle (66° 30' on diagram) it will appear 23° 30' above the surface. At the pole the angle is but 11° 45'. Continuing over beyond the pole where we again touch the Arctic

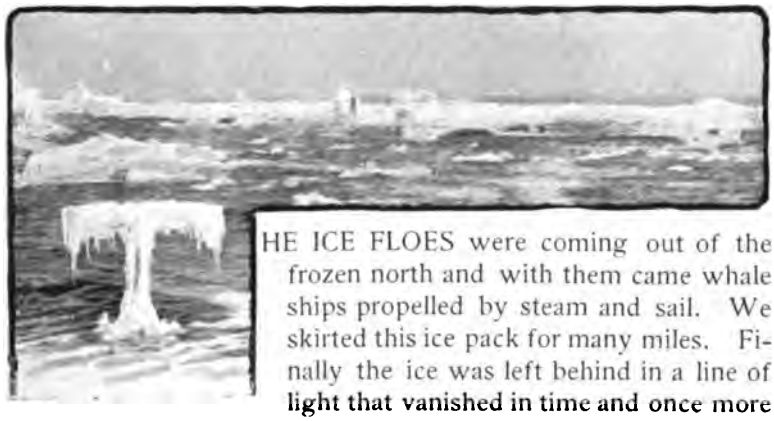
Circle, we find that the legs of the dividers have come together and—looking backwards still—the sun is just visible over the top of the earth. We have practically passed over the summit of a round hill, its top represented by the frozen pole. We have traveled *north* with the sun at our back all the time until the pole was reached; continuing *on the same course* beyond the pole, we find ourselves traveling *south*. The sun then appears as in the north. This would be the way if the earth has remained motionless all this time and the sun the same. Now if, when we had reached the Arctic Circle going toward the pole, we had stopped and touched the button to set old earth revolving again, it would in twelve hours have brought us around in exactly the same position as regards the pole and the sun that we have reached by continuing our journey to the pole and over beyond it.

To illustrate take a round-topped derby hat on the end of a broomstick and set it spinning and you have the earth. Place a lamp above, at one side and you have the sun. Put a fly on the band of the whirling hat and as it turns he experiences all the changes of day and night. If he is a traveler and crawls to the top of the hat he will witness—if he be an observing fly—all the phenomena of the midnight sun!

THE NORTHERN SUN.

X

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.



THE ICE FLOES were coming out of the frozen north and with them came whale ships propelled by steam and sail. We skirted this ice pack for many miles. Finally the ice was left behind in a line of light that vanished in time and once more there was only the boundless ocean and the blue sky as we steered toward that Mecca of northern travelers—the North Cape of Europe. We were now fairly within the Arctic Circle. For five days we were to have no sunsets and for considerable more than that time no night, although the sun was scheduled to disappear behind the waters of the north for a short time each day in the neighborhood of midnight.

The actual time reckoned from that morning when we passed through the ice until our watches told us the hour of midnight

was approaching, seemed interminable. The early hours were delightful, the air balmy but filled with the snap of frost from the floating ice, making overcoats and wraps a necessity. The sun played hide and seek in a mackerel sky, mottling the water with shadows as far as the eye could reach. The weather-wise said, "mackerel sky means rain," the grumbler said, "just our luck," the hopeful smiled and took comfort on general principles.

Not everyone who goes into this region is permitted to see the midnight sun. Are we to be specially favored? There is no disputing that nature seems to conspire against it. The nights—speaking of night and day as we divide them—are cloudy often, where the middle of the day may have been clear. The air is filled with moisture near to saturation. While the sun is at its greatest height in the southern half of its journey it gives heat sufficient to prevent precipitation, but when it declines low in its northern half, during the hours which with us are night, the balance is lost, the air becomes colder than the water, steam arises from the surface and forms into fog and clouds and the great luminary is hidden.

It rained a little in the early part of the day, then the sun shone out. At 11 P. M. there were but few clouds to be seen. The sun was sweeping along in the northwest in dazzling splendor. Across its wake drifted one lone Norse vessel with high bow and stern, and great square sail and topsail black against the yellow sky. A little later the clouds formed again and lay in banks with open streaks between. As midnight approached the

"I stood on the Bridge at Midnight."

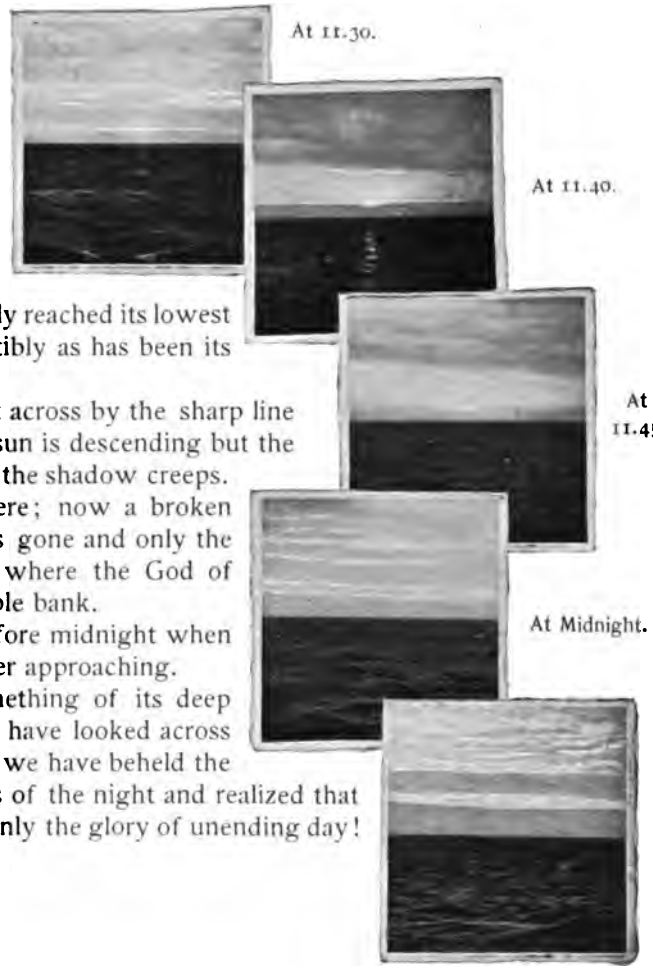
sunset color deepened, the cloud masses became purple, the open space a yellowish red.

Into one of these open spaces from above at eleven-thirty came the sun. First but a fragment of fire; then a well defined rim, then a section of a circle, finally his whole body, floating like a globe of red hot metal in a stream of blood. There was no perceptible downward movement—only one of steady progression from west to east. The glowing disk moves scarce a diameter above the surface. It had practically reached its lowest point and will soon—as imperceptibly as has been its descent—begin to rise again.

And now its lower edge is cut across by the sharp line of cloud-bank. It is not that the sun is descending but the bank is rising. Higher and higher the shadow creeps. The globe has become a hemisphere; now a broken fragment; now a line; now it is gone and only the red after-glow remains to show where the God of Day rolls eastward behind its purple bank.

"It was exactly ten minutes before midnight when it disappeared," said the first officer approaching.

At midnight the sky loses something of its deep red to take on a tawny hue. We have looked across the top of the globe we call earth; we have beheld the great sun in the curtained recesses of the night and realized that with him there is no night at all—only the glory of unending day!



Phases of the Midnight Sun.

And the wonder remains in hushed voice and outreaching thoughts and all turn with reverential mien to Him who gathered matter from infinite space, who formed it into spheres and sent them reeling through the measureless void under immutable laws that are because He said it. Oh the wonder of it! Oh the mystery and the wonder of the unknown yet to come. Few there are who do not think seriously at such a time.

Turning, I saw one of our party—a brilliant conversationalist, familiar with the swell people of earth and with a rare knowledge of Art and master-pieces and foreign fur and bric-a-brac and other things—reclining in her steamer chair, protesting mutely at that which had temporarily drawn attention away from her.

"Now really," she said, "I don't think that very wonderful—do *you?* I have seen *much* more beautiful sunsets down over the Jersey flats. Do you *really* think it worth while coming so far just to see *that?* *Do* you, really?

I did not have the heart to explain that it was not the sunset alone.

And now while we watch, occurs a wonderful thing. It is all accomplished while only fifteen minutes are being told off by the chronometer below. The tawny hue of midnight changes into lighter tints. The northern sky grows bright with amber rays shooting upward from their hidden source, while an army of fleecy clouds in every shade of rose and pink and violet appears, like a flight of bright-plumed birds sweeping through a zone of meteor light, flashing and expanding until they fill the turquoise sky with mottled glory. Even the solemn ocean wakens into new life, its long, sullen swells breaking into foam; its surface swept and sprinkled with sprays of yellow pearls and sparkling diamonds!

MORNING.

We have crossed the line that divides one day from another. Night there is none. The Yesterday and To-day are merged in one. The evening and morning stand side by side, the golden

Morning at 12.15.

sunrise mingling with the crimson of the passing sunset, to grow and glow and conquer all shadow until it melts away into the brightness of the perfect day.

* * * * * * *

We have had a miraculous escape. I shudder when I think of what might have happened! the beneficent example of a life-time of abstemious moderation blasted by diminishing meridians! vaunted intellect made as naught; mighty man, the helpless victim of an insidious geographical fact!

The way it came about was this: After witnessing the changeful panorama of the Midnight Sun, we made a long run eastward towards the North Cape and a strange condition came upon us which was beyond ordinary comprehension. The hours seemed to last not half their allotted time. The reeling days gave no space for ordinary affairs. The restful nights were gone. The sun seemed rushing us toward eternity with frightful rapidity. We set our watches ahead at morning, at noon, at even, to keep up with the ship's clock, and behold when we looked upon them in the morning after a brief troubled sleep, lo, Time had made another long jump ahead. At last we resigned ourselves to Fate.

On all well regulated ships provision is made for two things—sleeping and eating. When you are not doing one you are supposed to be doing the other. There is coffee in the morning; breakfast at eight; broth and biscuits at eleven; lunch at one; something to stay the stomach in the middle of the afternoon; regular dinner at six, and lemonade, tea, cake, etc., at nine to give you strength for the night! Of course if you get real hungry between times, a little extra fee to your steward leads to satisfactory results.

But as we sailed east we lost all interest in meals. We could hardly get settled to rest through the proverbial hours of night when Gabriel's trumpet roused us for the next day's plethoric round. The hurried breakfast scarce over when the tooting of the horn for lunch would be heard and, while we were meditating on what best to do in the afternoon, we would be called suddenly to a sense of the brevity of time by the same old toot warning us of the approach of the elaborate dinner. Hunger! We forgot the sensation. We would have felt spiritual if we hadn't felt so

full. Then just in time—by one of those rare flashes of genius we were saved. It came to Me as an inspiration!

Here is the explanation:

We were in latitude where the meridian lines are scarce half the distance apart that they measure at the equator and moving eastward as we were, we met the advancing hours half way and the time between succeeding noons was correspondingly short. And into this shortened twenty-four hours was crowded all the functions of the normal day! Could we have gone far enough north, we might, with clear sailing, have sailed round the earth—or what would have been practically the same, the pole—in three or four hours. And no doubt those stewards would have continued serving three meals with extras just the same regardless of consequences! Note the logical deduction. Had the ship sailed *west* instead of *east*, the result would have been disastrous, for in those high latitudes the ship could almost have kept up with the sun in its journey around the earth, and the days lengthening out proportionately would have been a month or six months long, so that the first anyone knew, the innocent passengers might have starved to death!

Moral: There isn't any worth considering. It only points a fact that regulations on shipboard are as immutable as the laws of the Universe and it is about as sensible to attempt to tamper with one as to kick at the other.

IN HAMMERFEST HARBOR.

XI

HAMMERFEST.

AMMERFEST was to be our first landing in Norway. A cold dreary day, lengthening interminably; a grey misty ocean, with dun clouds lying overhead; rocky knobs and ridges worn into a semblance of smoothness by ancient glaciers; cheerless and unwelcoming—such was our first view of Norway! Later the air grew milder and as midnight approached, we entered a little circular harbor like the crater of some vast volcano with broken rim, through which the water ebbed and flowed. Hammerfest lay at one side, silent and seemingly deserted. It was difficult to divest one's mind of the feeling that we looked upon a phantom town, with phantom ships floating on a phantom sea.

Most of the good people on shipboard, feeling that the day was well rounded to its close, had disappeared or were turning in for the night, but not all could end the day thus. Signaling to one of the shore boats, I went ashore with five

Norse Fishing Boats.

HAMMERFEST AT MIDNIGHT.

others. The silence and lack of life in the deserted streets was depressing. Although broad daylight, yet it was the time set apart for rest, and the town and its attendant shipping presented all the indications of night except darkness. It was not absolutely deserted, occasionally stragglers could be seen, such as prowl about city streets o'nights, but they lacked spirit and swagger. It needs darkness and a chance to get away and hide itself when the decent element becomes too strong to encourage vagrant vulgarity. There was one little booth with shooting gallery attached and a half dozen half-hearted patrons about, but none of that hilarious freedom which marks the average American crowd. Some of our party tried to infuse a little spirit into the scene by noisy cat-calls and college yells, but the effort beat itself out against the oppressive sense of closed doors and closely drawn window shades, with possibly a little bit of appreciation of the rights of helpless sleepers.

A Sea Lapp.

I climbed the cliffs that rise back of the town. The circling shore, the ships lying quietly at anchor, the little town with its single street and the distant grey and green blotched rocks, formed a

One of Many.

picture long to be remembered. Below, in a walled close, white and grey stones marked the resting place of the dead of Hammerfest. Under the slate roofs beyond, just as quietly, so far as one could judge, slept the living. On the outskirts were the poorer houses made of stone and logs, with sod roofs covered with waving grass and daisies.

Kodaked at twelve forty-five A. M.

From the highest point I photographed the town as the ship's bell rang out clear and sweet, striking eight bells for midnight, then descending, found my friends sitting on the stone steps of a little café waiting a summons to enter and partake of a lunch which they had ordered. It appears that a wakeful Viking who had incautiously shown himself at the door, had been set upon in various languages by our fellows and induced to rouse the sleeping household to prepare the spread. As near as I can learn, it had called for all the diplomacy of the Man from Albany, the Greek and Latin of the budding collegians, the Spanish of the privateer and the court tongue of the Swedish conductor—who had kindly accompanied us to shore as interpreter—to make our wants understood, but as I approached, the hour was ripe and the hardy Norseman descending silently at their backs and stood—a picture of hairy grandeur —against the lintel of the doorway! All unconscious of the linguistic deeds accomplished by my friends, I said to the hardy Norseman:

THE CHICAGO MAN.

"Well, is the banquet ready?"

The pitying smile with which my friends looked upon my unconscious forgetfulness that we were in a foreign country, was changed to open-mouthed incredulity when the man answered,

"Yes, step right up-stairs please."

And one of the party, who had wrestled with all the known languages to make this man understand, more open-mouthed than the rest, blurted out,

"Why, *you* speak *English?*"

"Well, yes, I should think I *orghtto*—I'm a *Chicago* man!" said the man of the North.

Later the Chicago man explained how it was that he was simply on a visit to the old folks here and, while Norwegian by birth, his adopted land and city had been his home so long that he considered himself as good an American as anyone. Then we went up into a little room where they brought us delicious cocoa in dainty little cups, and cake and crackers for our midnight lunch. There were lace curtains at the windows and masses of flowering plants on the broad window benches and a deep-toned music box somewhere about that gave the grandly solemn harmony of the Norwegian National Anthem. At twenty minutes past one we reached the ship and turned in.

The Little Café.

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THE MORNING VIEW OF HAMMERFEST.

HAMMERFEST BY DAY.

When we went on deck again the sun was shining brightly, boats were flitting about the harbor and busy sailors on the vessels moored at the wharfs. Clouds of smoke and steam were rising from buildings along shore and odors of uncured hides and ancient blubber greeted us with a plethora of smells which only a native Alaskan or a Laplander could enjoy.

Yet the picture was bright and beautiful. The single street which followed around the line of shore had a holiday appearance with its groups of officers and sailors from the ships lying in the harbor, the picturesque sea Lap and his equally picturesque brother of the higher lands, the native people of the upper class, the stores filled with goods for native use, and native garments —which no native would ever wear but which were built for sale and sold to visitors—the fishermen unloading their small ships, town officials and gaily dressed children with bright blue eyes and golden hair—all made a picture not soon to be forgotten.

Hammerfest is in latitude 70° 45′ and is the northernmost town on the face of the earth. Its longest day is ten weeks in duration, lasting from May 10 to July 30th, during which time the sun may be seen constantly—weather permitting. From the latter part of November until January 11th the sun is not visible at all. A peculiarity of Norway is that—thanks to the genial gulf stream—the temperature is about the

The Streets of Hammerfest.

same all along the coast from Hammerfest at the extreme north to Christiania at the south. The mean temperature during January is 25°. There are few extremes of heat or cold yet this northern town is in the same latitude as that in which Franklin perished, and as are the almost uninhabitable steppes of Siberia. Vessels come and go the entire winter. In the long summer day excursion steamers come from southern points and continue on to the North Cape and parts of northern Europe and Asia. It has about two thousand inhabitants, mostly fishermen. In 1891 electric lights were introduced and by their aid the daily business is carried on through the winter's night.

The day passed pleasantly enough in the street and in the shops—notable for useless articles of vertue and souvenirs, characteristic of the place and people. Then, as the sun swung westward, we turned toward the north once more.

The Quay at Hammerfest.

XII

THE NORTH CAPE.

"And then uprose before me
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape
Whose form is like a wedge."

NORTH Cape, pushing its black bulk out into the Arctic Ocean, has the distinction by courtesy, of being the northernmost point of Europe although for a fact it is on an island six miles north of the mainland. It is black slate with a cast of indigo, which gives it a peculiarly dark blue color. We pass around and anchor between two points where the encircling cliffs hold as in a deep pocket, the waters of a tiny bay. Backward, at the right the mighty form of the Cape rises, its outline suggestive of the head of a colossal rhinoceros, the sharp horn on the rounded nose, a hundred feet in height. At the left rise other ragged, almost vertical cliffs riven from top to bottom and cut across laterally by a vein of quartz like a snow

The Rhinoceros.

The Zig-Zag Way.

The Eastern Cliffs.

drift in the dark walls. Centrally, near the top, is an actual snow drift—the source of a little stream which finds its way downward like a silver thread. From the bottom a well defined path can be traced, climbing zig-zag to the far-away top.

At the landing we found a couple of fishermen and a little shack occupied by three young men and two young goats; one of the goats made friendly advances at once, chewed a section of my mackintosh in an appreciative manner until stopped, then sampled a button or two and finally went off highly offended because his luncheon was interrupted. Two of the young men spoke English. They came on the 9th of June to remain until the 15th of August, having received, for a consideration, a grant from the state to "do" visitors. One had the honor of being postmaster of the northermost postoffice of Europe—Nordcap—the paraphernalia appertaining thereto contained in a little tin box which he guarded jealously.

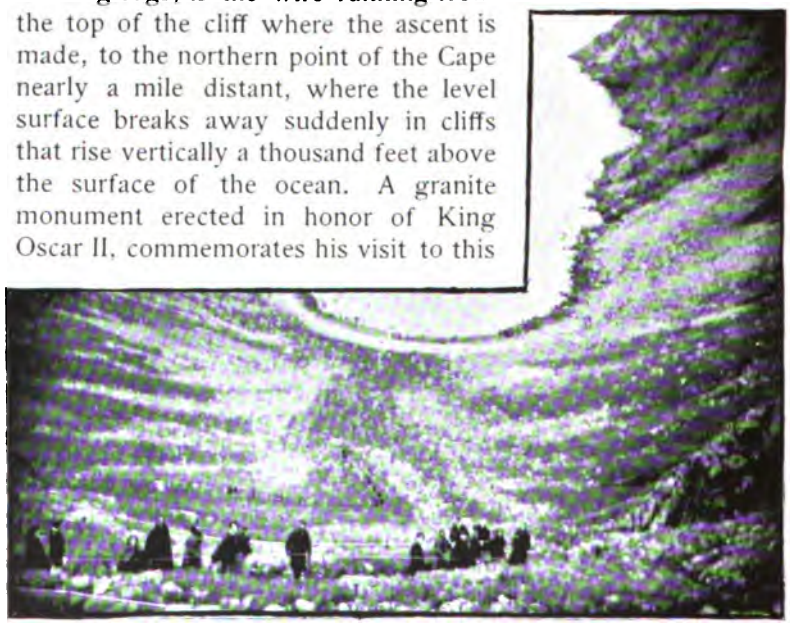
The North Cape of Europe.

Around the landing, grass and weeds grew in rank profusion,

brightened with golden buttercups and daisies and dainty forget-me-nots and blue and white flowers—which my limited knowledge of botany did not permit me to name, and —near the top—beautiful blue violets.

Resident North Capers.

The ascent was a serious affair. Ropes are stretched along on iron rods driven in the ground, the steep path zig-zagging back and forth until it rounds over into the higher level which is a broad level plateau. The path led over a shale-strewn level, tufted with bunch moss, with occasionally a stretch of marshy land. It is characteristic of these northern heights that the mountains are of a comparatively uniform level, as if shaved off by some mighty agency, such as the steady advance of a great ice cap which undoubtedly at some time covered water and land in this latitude. Suggestive of the danger of straying from the course in the quick forming fogs, is the wire running from the top of the cliff where the ascent is made, to the northern point of the Cape nearly a mile distant, where the level surface breaks away suddenly in cliffs that rise vertically a thousand feet above the surface of the ocean. A granite monument erected in honor of King Oscar II, commemorates his visit to this



The Zig-Zag from Above.

spot in 1873, and a beacon here marks the visit of the great European traveler, Emperor William II, in 1891. We, also of the Ohio, builded a cairn, each member of the party contributing six stones to the pile.

From the Snowdrift to the Ohio.

An octagon building of the portable kind, afforded protection from the severe wind which was frosty and piercing so that at times we were glad to seek shelter, even risking exposure to the refreshment counter where the stock consisted of thirst inspiring biscuit and alleged champagne at eight, ten and twelve kroner per bottle.

The men in charge were supposed to protect the property and were armed with full authority, but they had their hands full when the Americans—albeit good naturedly—took possession. The flag of united Norway fluttered from the flagstaff when we arrived but an enthusiastic collegian climbing to the top, put above it the Quaker purple and waked the echoes with the Quaker yell, while Princeton swelled the music of the spheres and ancient Harvard piped bravely if weakly, undaunted by the howling of more youthful throats.

The Quaker Purple.

As midnight approached we gathered in the lee of the house watching out northward for the sun. What a grand suggestion

WAITING FOR MIDNIGHT.

of the infinite. Above, the mighty vault arches, soft with curling clouds and low down at the north glowing with the fires of the thinly veiled sun. A thousand feet below, the long swells break against the cliffs; to us they appear but as the tiniest of ripples. East, west and north, the great ocean, solemn, immeasurable! Over the surface the wind sweeps in dusky fields, with fringed and frayed out edges swaying like the folds of a mighty curtain. Down along the mottled vista run flames of light, leading toward the vanishing point to which the wind is speeding. The eye travels hopelessly over the unstable zone, seeking vainly for some unit of measurement, not realizing that distance has swallowed up all forms by which the eye can judge. Down there, a line of trailing smoke marks the course of a steamer—which is itself invisible because of distance—while seemingly almost at our feet as compared with the miles on miles of water reaching away to the fading North where lies that will-'o-the-wisp which has lured so many good men to their death—that ghastly symbol of a destroying mania, the baffling, undiscovered, frozen Pole.

But the hour has passed at last, the clouds have kept their secret well and we leave without beholding that which we had

come so far to see. It is a disappointment it is true but the memory of that one glorious midnight out on the ocean is with us still and few complain. We have fared better than most.

"And it weally don't make much difference aftah all, dontcher know," remarked the light-weight philosopher. "No gwate loss. I cawnt see much use for the sun anyway, in a country wheah it's light all night, can you? Only its so awfully confusing, dontcher know. It weally is. Its so beastly unnatuwal. Some of the fellows told me I would need a lantern in getting down—after midnight you know—but I couldn't find one on the beastly ship that I'd be seen cawying anyway, and its just as well I didn't bwing it after all—aw, Miss Mawy—allow me to awange your wap—fortunate you bwought it—beastly wind awnt it. Glad I bwought me McIntosh—old twaveler you know—Ah always go pwepawed foh an emawgency, aw—"

Back to the Ohio.

It was three o'clock in the morning when we finally hoisted anchor and turned the bow of the Ohio southward.

XIII

BOSSEKOP.

THERE is nothing remarkable in familiar things. To those who live away up there on the cap of the earth it seems the most natural thing in the world that there should be long nights with bright moonlight and glistening snow under which the earth recuperates after its quick warm summer, and these people would naturally think a country where the sun rises in the east and goes directly overhead to drop behind the mountains of the west three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, a very unnatural and phenomenal land indeed. Even our own Longfellow—who revelled in Vikings and set their songs to a more rhythmic measure than they ever knew—was a little shaky on the question of the Midnight Sun where he makes old Othero, of Helgoland, say:

"The days grew longer and longer
Till they became as one.
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red Midnight Sun."

Saw it in the *South* you will note. And Marie Correli—Queen of the Queen's English, creator of unnatural worlds, and

broad in everything save charity—in her beautiful story of "Thelma" makes the sun rise with a pop—so to speak—and the colors of morning flash out meteor-like. She paints the glories of the morning following close upon the midnight hour as occurring in the *east*, when in fact the sun and all his glorious retinue are spread across the sky in the far north, and in fact the transition from light to darkness and darkness to light is a gradual waxing and waning extending the entire round of the twenty-four hours. Yes, Marie is away off on her points of compass, and geography generally. I guess she was never there.

Bossekop in Alten Fjord, is where the principal scenes in the story of Thelma is laid. Here we came the day after our visit to the North Cape, having passed Hammerfest on the run. The town itself leaves much to the imagination. A little store, a dozen houses with a number of smaller outbuildings; a good road, fenced and with gates at intervals, disappearing finally over the hill, above which a single church spire rose suggesting additional life beyond; a wide beach of pebbles marking the rise and fall of the tide and on it what appeared to be small, canvas-roofed houses.

"Bathing houses as I live," exclaimed an enthusiastic young lady exstaticly.

"Laplanders' huts—every one of them," said the judge from Texas, viewing them through his binocular. "This is where we are to see the Lapps."

"What a lot of them—are they really Lapps?" is asked.

"Picked-up codfish," remarked another.

"Why how funny," said the light-weight philosopher, "That's what we had for lunch—and very, very good indeed, dontcher know."

Picked up Codfish.

IN ALTEN FJORD.

It *was* picked up codfish—fish that had been spread out on the stones to dry, now stacked and covered with canvas, and

A Fish-Drying Rack.

ready to be shipped away to market. There also were racks where smaller fish, divided lengthwise to the base of the tail, hung from poles to dry—and not being marketable will be eaten by the natives—and bundles of severed heads strung like onions in bunches, which are fed to the cows, and the cows in consequence of this brain food become, I am told, very intelligent cattle indeed.

Vegetation is not at its best here. The trees are principally of Norway pine, dwarfed and

The Ancient Fisherman

stunted. There were cattle, and sheep and goats in the roads and fields, and men mowing and women raking. Here we first saw the Norwegian manner of curing hay. Instead of spreading out to cure, it is gathered when cut and hung on hurdles which stand permanently in the fields. These hurdles are from six to eight poles high, the top pole being about six feet above ground.

The houses are of logs squared and with sod roofs. There are little patches of potatoes and turnips, but most of the surface is given to the raising of grass. Some of the poorer houses are a patchwork of logs, driftwood, sections of boat timbers and dirt. One was an old boat, upturned, its sides sodded and reinforced by scraps of canvas and bark. Within, boxes served as seats. On shelves fitted into the bow were kettles, tin dishes and crockery. The floor was partly covered with shavings and dry grass and served as bed at night; the bed-clothes were taken up and piled at one side during the day. A sturdy fisherwoman made us welcome and gave us to understand that the rest of the family—consisting of husband and six sons—were away fishing. A man of ordinary height could not stand erect in the centre of this boat house, or house-boat, whichever it may be called, and could not lie crosswise without bending his knees considerably. Yet here eight people lived and no doubt considered themselves as comfortably situated as ordinary persons had reason to expect. We were gradually getting accustomed to Norwegian ways and places.

A House-Boat.

XIV

HARSTAD.

HILLSIDES slope backward from Harstad, streaked with flowers in red and white and yellow. There are great daisies which the natives call "acree," buttercups which they know by the sounding name of "kon-op-so-la-ah," and magnificent heads of crimson clover—fragrant as buckwheat and sweet as honey, here developed into most splendid blossoms. There is a silvery glitter of white birches in the green thickets, but as yet no large trees appear. The business is fishing and farming. Rye, oats and barley—spoken of collectively as "corn" by the people—are vigorous growers. There are berries of various kinds on bushes but no fruits of the kinds that grow on trees. At the best hotel the rate is about five kroner per day. We take carioles and stolkjaerres for a drive to the ancient church of Harstad and

the Lapp encampment among the hills. The cariole is a two-wheeled affair drawn by one horse and designed to carry one person beside the driver. Master and man are seated tandem, the driver in the rear with the reins—usually of round cord running alongside the passenger and wearing a hole in his coat by continued jerking. You may drive if you prefer but according to the law of the land you assume responsibility for any accident in so doing. The body of the cariole is shaped like the half of a pumpkin and you are expected to fit comfortably into it, but if you happen to be an odd size the combination is not always a happy one, for if too broad you hang out over the sides and if of extra length you may at pleasure either double up like a pocket rule and keep your feet together in the narrow part, or drop them on an iron foot rest on either side below the body, or if you prefer, let them hang comfortably down and scoop up the dust as you bowl merrily along. The driver's seat may be simply a box placed over the axle or a device like a big button on the end of an upward-crooked iron rod on which he balances when he rides. But he doesn't always ride. He is perpetually dropping off and climbing on again at the bottoms and tops of hills without stopping the horse at all, or contentedly trotting alongside, for you must know that he owns the horse and has consideration for his well being. The stolkjaerre is similar to the cariole except that the seat is broader making room for two persons, in addition to the driver who is, as in the former instance, perched on a seat in the rear.

A Stolkjaerre.

The horses of Norway are stocky, well groomed little beasts

with long flowing tails, bushy bangs hanging over their eyes, and stiff manes standing erect and trimmed to give the appearance of high arching necks. The ends of the shafts are fastened by a hook to a band which goes around just back of the pony's fore shoulder, the weight supported by a back-pad formed of broad, flat pieces of wood. The driver urges his beast forward by an explosive "ur-r-r-r-r-r-r" made with the tongue in the roof of the mouth, sounding something like the flutter of a small windmill.

The roads are excellent but narrow. When carriages meet they usually stop for a consultation and one of them gets into the ditch. Gates to keep cattle from wandering from their own sections occasionally stop the way, and children stand to open these gates for the approaching vehicle. Travelers usually provide themselves with small coins to toss to the children for this small service.

The ancient church near Harstad is said to be over nine hundred years old. Its walls of stone are seven feet thick at the base. It is now of the established religion and services are held here regularly on the Sabbath. The church had a spire once and on the top of the spire was a ball of real gold but over two hundred years ago—so the story goes—a profane man tore the tower down that he might secure the treasure, but it fell and bound-

Harstad from the Hill.

ing from roof and rock, disappeared and was never more seen by mortal man. And to this day parties go searching for this ball of gold.

Under the church are vaults filled with coffins deposited there long ago. The attendant took from its resting place one of the smaller and opening it revealed a little form in yellow linen with lace and faded ribbons and yellow curls surrounding a baby face that was once undoubtedly, to the mother's eye, the most beautiful thing on earth. It was a curious thought that this gruesome little mite once lived and laughed and crowed and kicked as happily as our own babies of to-day. And since it was laid there to rest great nations have risen and faded away for, according to the best authority, three hundred years have passed since these baby lips became silent and the baby hands were folded under the mouldering linen. But it was not a pleasant place to stay in. There was, it is true, an odor of sanctity—or something—about the interior that brought solemn thoughts, but the outside sunshine and the smell of the flowers were preferable.

The Old Church.

"Little Peek-a-Boo."

We drove to the Lapp settlement where we found three families—about a dozen all told, not counting the dogs. The Lapps are dwarfs, averaging five feet in height. They are not

THE YOUNG LAPLANDER.

models of beauty; they wear a number nine foot and a number five calf. The men and women dress much alike except that the women wear longer skirts than the men and a cap with ear-laps, while the head covering of the men have a tassel at the top. As to the faces you will find nothing there to help you out. The old men are as beardless as the old women and the most manly looking old fellow of the lot I understood to be grandmother to most of the colony.

Pride of the Family.

The tents are round—a circle of poles coming together at the top after the fashion of the teppes of the western Indian, and covered with a thick, woven, woolen fabric made for this purpose, costing when new from $40.00 to $50.00. The dress of the women and children appear to be of the tent material—probably remnants from the bargain counter. The men wear reindeer skin suits from neck to heel. Moccasins and leggings are of tanned leather. A baggy blouse with the hair on is belted about the waist. Inside the tents were boughs over which were thick blankets of furry skins. In one of the tents, in its cradle suspended by a rope from one of the poles, was a Lapp baby guarded by a number of dogs and adored by the proud father, who was induced to bring his treasure outside to be photographed—for a consideration. The baby appears to be tied in for the day and hung up where it swings idly in the passing

Lapp Mother and Children.

breeze or may be stood up in some out of the way corner and permitted to amuse itself as best it may.

The reindeer are in the mountains during the warm weather and brought to the valleys during the winter or for show purposes only. The reindeer is the Laplander's meat and drink, his horse, his cow, his bed and clothing. Out of his skin they make moccasins, leggings, coats, caps, shirts, blankets and bedding. They drive them on long journeys, getting over good snow at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour. The deer is attached to the sledge by a single strand fastened to a collar around his neck and passing backward between his legs. He is guided by means of another strand fast to his head and thrown over his back to right or left to turn him as the case demands. The milk from the reindeer and the cheese made from it are substantial parts of the Laplander's food. The flesh is eaten when the beast becomes too old for profitable keeping. Bones and horns are made into pipes and knife handles and ornaments. It is indeed a very small part of the reindeer that gets away when the frugal Laplander once gets hold of him.

Reindeer and Sledge.

DIGERMULLEN.

We bought purses and bags and pocketbooks and horn spoons and rusty knives with preposterous horn handles, and pipes, made of reindeer bones, that wouldn't draw and came to pieces without provocation, and various other useless things because of the Lapps persuasive way, and the Philadelphia doctor secured a very young and perpetually busy puppy which he named "Fram," designed as company for "Dr. Nansen," which he had captured at Hammerfest.

"Fram."

Then we sailed away southward again, through broad and narrow fjords with high ragged-topped mountains, and between them bits of land on which rest tiny hamlets, each with its white church a prominent feature of the group.

Digermullen is on an island among islands, land-locked beside a broadening of the channel through which many steamers pass. It was picturesque enough with its spindle-peaked mountains on which the clouds hung when we were there, its ragged headlands and its patches of boggy flat and mossy mountain sides. Digermulkolean, the mountlet here, is 1150 feet above the sea. Emperor William II, that eminent tourist, came in 1889 and, setting his royal foot on top of the rocky knob, gave it the stamp of approval, pronouncing it superb. Since then everybody who wishes to make it understood that they are up in taste and discrimination has also slapped his or her foot on the spot and pronounced it superb. I enjoyed the ascent very much as described by some of my friends who reached the bottom again with sufficient strength to explain.

While here some of the aquatic experts of the party pulled off a regatta. The question had been discussed with much heat in the smoking room where "Bobs" and "monkeys" had backed assertions ; it had swamped the saloon and it had involved the

DIGERMULLEN.

ship's officers and crew in its meshes until the captain, yielding to public demand, had placed two of the ship's boats at the disposal of the rival crews, insisting only as a condition that an officer and a regular seaman should go in each. This seeming lack of confidence was overlooked as a piece of formality for the contestants knew in their own hearts that they were gifted oarsmen. The ship's boats were not all that could be desired it is true, for it was quite evident to the trained eye that they lacked deadrise and that their excessive freeboard tended to create seaway. There was also too much bulge to the bilges and the binnacle sprockets were undoubtedly jiggered, but with all these defects there were compensating advantages—they were steadier than paper shells. As to the personnel of the teams there was little choice. All were good looking with varying standards of beauty and all looked very picturesque indeed when dressed for the occasion.

The race was to be from shore to ship and at the signal the boats got away bunched in fine style. There appeared to be a number of soloists in each crew, and several made records as independent oarsmen. Intense excitement prevailed as they came bowling splendidly down the wind while friends on shipboard grew wild with enthusiasm. Then while the Titans were struggling neck and neck, it was seen that one craft veered suddenly and wildly while the other shot away with the meteor-like rush of a messenger boy and came pawing gallantly to the finish amid deafening cheers to receive with becoming modesty the congratulations and medals and things which are the victor's due.

The Boat Race

THE LOFODEN ISLANDS.

Yet the losers were not without honor. I was confidentially informed that they would have beaten but for the fact that one of the crew (a gentleman whose ability in steering legal things through troubled waters had pointed him out as eminently fitted to pull a winning oar) had—at the very moment when victory seemed about to perch on their poop—inadvertently captured a crustacean, and in the brief uncertainity as to what disposition to make of his head and feet allowed the matter to go by default—the man sitting at his back getting it in the stomach and the one at his front in the neck. And on such trifles hang mighty results! Later a consolation banquet was held which was quite exclusive and nautical, the toasts being very salt indeed and the liquids not all of the kind that boats are floated in.

The Lofoden Islands swing westward away from the broad Vestfjord like the sweep of a scimitar, ending out at sea—an unbroken ridge of ragged mountains first, then as individual islands, then sharp peaks rising above the water, then their presence indicated only by the broken surface of warring waters. Beyond this is that somewhat mythical terror—the Great Maelstrom.

Torghatten is Norse for "Market-hat" and is the name given to a mountain that might pass in the night for a gigantic hat floating on the surface of the water. About 400 feet from its base it is pierced by a "hulett" (hole) straight through, a distance of 535 feet measuring at its smallest 36 feet in width by 65 in height.

In Vestfjord.

TORGHATTEN.

XV

TRONDHJEM.

TRONDHJEM has been a reality for nine hundred years. It is a town of thirty-five thousand inhabitants founded by the old Norse king Olaf Tryggvason who introduced Christianity into the land and outlying islands with a club. The principal street is a hundred feet in width, with four lines of trees dividing its three drive-ways from broad walks on either side. A feature, common in most of the town houses throughout Norway, is a double mirror set outside the window at such an angle as best to reflect the sidewalks right and left and permit the inmates of the house to note the approach or departure of those passing below.

Trondhjem from the Harbor.

TRONDHJEM CATHEDRAL.

TRONDHJEM.

The object of chief interest here is the cathedral. When King Olaf died he was sainted and over his grave was erected the first Christian church built in Norway. In the twelfth century a cathedral was erected on the site of this church. Destroyed by fire and vandal Swedes in the sixteenth century, the present structure was (in 1869) begun and will to a certain extent be a restoration on old lines. The work goes steadily on, the solid walls rising and the plaster models of the saints gradually giving place to more enduring marble. The constitution provides that all the Kings of Norway must be crowned in this cathedral.

Here is a celebrated statue of Christ, heroic size, by Thorwaldsden. The pose is one of dignity and the face mild—even to weakness. I cannot conceive of the Christ as anything short of the perfect man physically as well as spiritually and mentally, and this is a disappointment. Possibly the old masters go a shade too far in representing Him as the hardened athlete but in this figure the other extreme is reached. In Rome you can study anatomy in the works of Art, following muscle and ligament to the end; this figure is bloated rather than filled with healthy tissue. Thorwaldsden designed much that he did not take time to finish in detail and many of his conceptions appear rather as sketches than as finished work—grand as sketches perhaps but—sketches all the same.

Some of us attended divine service. The singing was good, the sermon above my

Monke-Gade.

comprehension—Norwegian. After the service the reverend head of the cathedral walked about the church-yard and talked with his flock in a long black gown and a plug hat. Visitors were then permitted to inspect the altar and saints and places where the process of restoration was going on. It cost nothing to go in, it was when—filled with reverential feelings—we reached the door of exit.

They have in Norway the beautiful custom of decorating their graves with flowers. The kirk-yard is a place of beauty, a place for meditation, not necessarily of mourning. Seats of wood and iron are all about and people come and sit as with old friends. Saturday they put flowers on the graves. Some were great mounds of brilliant blooms, some that had lost their markers even—nameless those who rested therein—had fresh cut flowers on them. I asked who had remembered the forgotten and they told me. It is the way. Those who have plenty share with those who have little and though the sleeper has passed from mind yet will some one be found to scatter sweet flowers on the lonely grave.

Rest is defined by some one as a change of occupation. They interpret the question of Sabbath rest very liberally in Norway. Not uproariously as in the Latin lands of the south, yet not at all on the lines of the Scotch Sabbath. Sunday morning we went in carriages out to Lerfossen and lunched in a tent taken there specially for our service. There might have been as many as five hundred perspiring, rosy-faced Norwegian children of widely varying ages trudging along the dusty road. Most of them

Lunch Tent at Lerfossen.

At Service in the Cathedral.

THE CHEESE MARKET.

carried babies or bundles or baskets of lunch. They have a Sunday law regulating the sale of spirits something on the Raines' law plan—must be served with food. You could get lunch at the challet by the falls but the kinds in demand seemed mostly of a liquid sort. The favorite lunch appeared to be a small cracker. Yet in justice I must say that I saw no native that day noticeably under the influence of drink.

"Trains to Hell" is the heading of a railroad time table hanging in the post office at Trondhjem. It gives distances and fares. It is only thirty-two kilometers—about twenty miles—distant. I didn't know we were so near as that. Regular trains twice daily. You go past a church, then a lunatic asylum, then into and through a black tunnel—and there you are!

"You American so funny," said a native. "Ask lot o' questions 'bout 'how hot it is,' and if 'it ever freeze over!'—an' last summer one fool-fellow, they say was judge from Chicago, bring along lot o' fans an' big thermometer an' all the others haw-haw to see him do it. You American get much o' fun out o' some little thing. I don't know it. I s'pose you will not help it."

Monkholmen (Monk's Island), lying just off the town, was the site of a Benedictine monestary founded in 1028. It was a prison and a fortress. Near by lay a German ironclad—*avant coureur* to the Emperor of Germany, who was expected in the royal yacht some time during the night. We did not wait to see him.

Monkholmen.

THE ROMSDAL.

THE ROMSDAL.

Morning finds us anchored in a fjord with great mountains rising close and the little summer resort of Naes lying at the opening into the Romsdal. Its sides rise precipitously to heights of five thousand feet with peaks and domes a thousand feet higher. Into this valley we go in carriages of varying pattern.

Stone Viaduct in the Romsdal.

Every available bit of ground seems to be cultivated and the luxuriant growth indicates exceptional wealth of soil. The grass is short but notably thick. Potato-tops cover the ground where planted. Oats are stocky and fully four feet in height though rather light of head. Barley is fully six feet high and heavy in

Glacial Streams

proportion. Over the shoulders of the cliffs on either side come far-leaping cascades and streams that seem like braided floss in

The Upper Valley.

the sunshine. Our ride took us eleven delightful kilometers inland to a welcome lunch of red salmon taken from the frothing stream near by.

I found that we were not the only noted people who had been there. Emperor William had appeased his royal appetite at one of the places where we lunched. He had traced his royal autograph on the register and they cut it out and framed it. It wasn't much of a hand anyway. I registered also. They will probably have *that* framed next year.

Where
We
Autographed.

MOLDE.

"THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE."

MOLDE.

From Naes to Molde the heavens were full of tumult, of wind and rain and battling clouds and sunbars. It was a grand fight but the sun triumphed, leading us safely to anchor in front of a long stretched-out village on a sloping southern hillside. Ash, maple, pine, lime, birch and cherry trees, with climbing roses and honey-suckles and the meadows filled with wild flowers were there. White houses with red tiled roofs, a big hotel for summer visitors, a white spire rising above the thick green of the trees—such is Molde. Aside from its beauty its one feature of special interest is in the church—a painting of the "Women at the Sepulchre" by Axel Euder.

When we dropped anchor off Molde the Royal "Hohenzollern" lay a cable's length away. We naturally expected William to make the first advances of a friendly and sociable nature—we being the new comers—but he neglected the opportunity and when we looked out in the morning he had gone. He had passed in the night.

A Flower Girl.

XVI

SOGNE FJORD.

THE land is full of rifts; the sky is full of mountains. The mountains hold great snow fields in their arms. Slow cataracts of ice are streaming out over the broken rock-cups from above. We are in Sogne Fjord. The water through which we pass is the milky green of the grinding glacier.

We come to anchor off Mundal the head of navigation, where stolkjaerres and carioles are taken for the glacier's foot. Ask the distance in Norway and they will tell you the number of *hours* distant—*not* miles. It is one and a half hours to the foot of the glacier which ends four hundred and fifty feet above the level of the fjord. It pours, a frozen cataract, through a notch between two higher points. At its foot are great boulders and a mountain of gravel. The valley below is hummocked with

In Sogne Fjord.

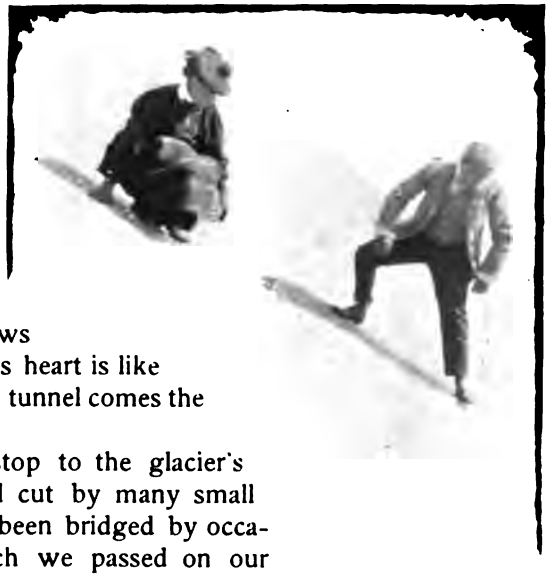
MUNDAL.

House of a Rich Farmer.

The Hay Barn.

The Frozen Cataract.

Valley below the Glacier



debris that has been deposited by the retreating glacier in passing centuries. Its upper surface is broken by deep crevasses and carved in myriad facets by the sun. Its face is grimy with dirt, yet shows points like sparkling gems. Its heart is like indigo. Out from the big, blue tunnel comes the foaming torrent!

From where the carioles stop to the glacier's front the way is broken and cut by many small streams. These streams had been bridged by occasional log or plank over which we passed on our way up. When we returned it was different. Bobo had been there before us!

You don't remember *Bobo?* How *could* I have neglected to introduce him. Not that he couldn't introduce himself on occasion—he wasn't that sort of a young American. He was the youngest young man of the party. He had passed though the *enfant terrible* stage and was now a combination of small boy lawlessness and manly independence, oscillating somewhere in the neighborhood of ripened eleven.

On the Glacier.

BOJUMSBRÆ.

When he, with his mother, joined the party at Southampton, he began to make matters lively. "Bobo" was self-named before his baby tongue emerged from its crookedness—indeed there were some words that yet staggered him—but the name stuck. Ubiquitous, irrepressible, unanticipatable—Bobo was an unquenchable fountain of surprises. His manners were a queer combination of first cabin and fo'castle—the suave polish of the palace with the uncompromising vigor of the back alley. His language at times would have been considered exceedingly profuse even among pirates, but bless you it didn't mean anything any more than would the words of a parrot—it was but an echo and the evil lay with those who called it forth. The divine mother-love that held tight when for long years Bobo hovered on the dividing line of the beyond knew this and made allowances, but the unsympathizing public was not always so lenient. I have often noticed that the best authorities on the way to bring up children are those who never tried. Possibly Bobo *did* lack a little in reverence for the king, but he knew every one of the sailors by name and had an exalted opinon of the heroes who gathered under the rail and told tales of adventure not found in the Sunday School books. He picked up all the stronger combinations and had a way of repeating them where the conditions did not seem to call for excessive strength, so Bobo gained another name. It was the "Holy Terror."

"Bobo."

"Hi dare! Git on to de *scorcher,*" shouted Bobo admiringly

at sight of one of Orkney's ancient unfortunates. "*Gee*, but *he* must-a-been a daisy." And when his mother hushed him, and explained that the rounded back was a deformity and not a thing of beauty caused by riding a wheel, Bobo's expression of worshipful admiration changed to one of disgust. An investigation of the internal arrangements of the governor's establishment and a runaway on pony back were among his achievements in Iceland. There was a strong suspicion that the little unknown dog wouldn't have jumped into the vat of Cod liver oil at Hammerfest, if Bobo had not been there, and the unaccountable antics of the diminutive father of the Lapp baby which had tumbled out of its swinging cradle could find no explanation in the blankly innocent expression on Bobo's face. Bobo was always in the van. His mother often remarked that she hardly ever saw him except when he was asleep. My recollection of the Romsdal shows a stolkjaerre drawn by a pony on the run with Bobo at the reins, the mother clutching at the hooded cape which protected her head from a little dash of rain that just then struck us and the supposed-to-be driver clinging for dear life to his seat behind. And Bobo arrived triumphantly at the head although fate at the beginning put him among the last to start.

At the glacier Bobo came to the front again. We that followed picked our way over hugh mounds of debris left by the receding ice and over the foam-

Bobo starts for the Glacier

ing strands from the many sources not yet united in the common stream, each rushing through deep or shallow ways, bridged usually by a single plank or stick of timber. When we started back we found that Bobo still had the lead and had dislodged every movable bridge and they lay in the ditches washed by the flood or had floated away. Some blessed the boy—it was *so* funny. Some remarked that they would just like to be his parent for a minute—they wouldn't do a thing to him. Thus does companionship knit hearts together. It was very sweet, but Bobo kept shy of his admirers that night.

At Bojum.

Balholm was like a garden with its flowers and fruits, and tall embowered hotels and cottages. The recollection of it is as a quiet Sunday. The mountains press it round about, snow covered, with many streams trickling down their rocky sides. Great roses were in the gardens. There were small fruit trees in abundance; apple and pear trees bending under their heavy loads. Potato vines grew rank in many little patches, and I want to say that their star-like blossoms—plebeian though they

KING BELE'S MOUND.

be—were things of beauty. Another thing is worth mentioning; the most diligent search failed to reveal any of those pests of the western world—the American potato-bug; the people did not even know of their existence. Balholm gets its patent of nobility from the ground—as the burial place of King Bele. An ancient stone with unreadable characters gives about all the information to be had. Balholm district is not extensive. It is compassed by a road along the fjord "an hour" in extent.

Sogne Fjord is the longest of the Norwegian fjords—like the root of a tree with nobby, radiating rootlets upwards of a hundred English miles in extent. It is over 4,000 feet in depth at its deepest, while mountains rise abruptly 5,000 feet above it. One of the rootlets is Nærofjord, the wildest known fjord navigable by steamer. At its junction with the main body the distance between the tops of the cliffs is less than their height. Farther in, the way contracts to less than a thousand feet. On the black rock, at one point, is a little plot of waving grass scarce half the size of our main deck and it calls for a boat and a ladder to reach it, yet it is cultivated to its edge. Yonder in the hollow of the bending rift, on matter brought down from the heights by a ribbon-like stream that still hangs

In Nærofjord.

over the face of rock, is a cluster of houses like a toy village and a tiny church with the five symbolical roofs. Over the brow of the cliffs at points come leaping streams; some strike far below to gather and leap and part again. One we saw found no resting place at all but was dissipated into the air, wind-swept and swaying until the stream that left the rocks above in a firm, smooth mass became only spray that floats and drifts and gathers on the glistening walls to gather again in a new torrent. The black rock, duplicated in the black waters, was unbroken almost, save where the V-shaped wave that parted under our bow ran in a steadily advancing mass of foam along the dusky walls. It was overpowering, oppressive!

And yet some there were not entirely crushed. The uneasy One wandered, noting many things. The man from Oshkosh snoozed comfortably in his steamer chair. "Shuffle-board" and "ringtoss" had their votaries. Letter writers stole only occasional glances at the passing shores, letters must be ready for posting when the landing is reached. Some who were keeping diaries persevered heroically, for they were

IN SOGNE FJORD.

behind. A correspondent who was sending "impressions" home to the local editor, with dishevelled hair, and finger on verifying paragraphs in Baedeker, was drawing surely to an end.

And the captain! Well, captains are supposed to be unimpressible by anything mundane, and undisturbed though all the elements are at war. Was our captain that kind? The front of his gold laced coat was buttoned awry, his cap had slipped well back on his head; he had forgotten to stand erect as usual. No one could doubt but that he knew what was going on in the ship so far as was necessary, but in addition there was something that one might feel in some strange, grand cathedral, for he saw beyond his ship the wonder of the riven mountains, the glory of the unfathomable depths!

And now approaches the man from Oshkosh. He had finished his nap and had made a discovery.

"It's rather pritty," said the man from Oshkosh, approvingly.

The captain gasped, but gave no sign that he heard. One eye was closed the other gazing into the infinite.

"Quite pritty *scenery*," said the man from Oshkosh, "don't you think so?"

"*Cod!*" quoth the captain explosively! And never a word more until orders were necessary at the dropping of the anchor before Gudvangen.

GUDVANGEN.

XVII

NÆRODAL.

NÆRODAL is a continuation of the Nærofjord. The same severe character which gives the fjord its solemn grandeur is continued, except that its floor is solid earth here instead of water. Gudvangen, where the land begins, is a little hamlet created to meet the demands of the traveling public. In the short summer the sun shines brightly down on its red roofs. In winter it is never seen at all except you climb high up against the northern wall.

We slept on shipboard, and in the morning took carriages of various kinds for Vossevangen, while the ship returned the way it had come, then around to meet us at Bergen the following day. The way was wild, scarce affording room for the passing of the foaming stream and of the road, which ran along its side and over little mountains of debris where the avalanche had rested. A most remarkable rock is "Jordalsnut"—a mountain over three thousand feet high with rounded top, in shape like a hugh thimble such as ladies use. Then we climbed a thousand feet up sixteen zigzags to Stalheim Hotel, from which point the valley

The Jordalsnut

THE NÆRODAL FROM STALHEIM.

slopes gently toward the southwest. Looking backward from this high point to where the mountains over against Gudvangen are blue with twelve kilometers of distance the Nærodal reminds one of the Yosemite. It is not so grand or so varied as our American beauty, but nearer like than anything else I have seen in the Old World.

Stalheim Hotel exists for the accommodation of summer travelers. It has a delightful arrangement of habitable rooms looking outward on Nature and inward on Art, as represented in a central court open to the dome with overhanging galleries at every floor, with growing plants and waving ferns to delight the eye and music artistically wrung from piano and blairing horn, to charm the ear. There is a good deal of what Americans call "style" here but like others of the Old World hostelries you are given the pleasant impression that your coming is really a favor to the management and the feeling is more gratifying than where you are condescendingly tolerated. Here, in the great dining hall seating two hundred and fifty guests, a most satisfactory lunch was served. It consisted of a fine fried fish something like halibut, a course of fried mutton with vegetables and a pudding of the *blanc mange* order with pineapple sauce—not a bewildering variety it is true but each dish a work of art—a symphony, substantial and most satisfying. For those who wished there were extras in cups and bottles to order.

In the afternoon we went, a long straggling line in carioles, stolkjaerres and heavier carriages, through a gently sloping valley towards the sun, catching entertaining glimpses of Norwegian farm life and its bucolic surroundings. The houses hereabout

One of Many

THE KNITTING MAIDEN.

are generally perched on points not available for other purposes, with out-buildings grouped picturesquely about. Oats and rye were seen in little patches, but the principal crop is hay which grew on hillsides so steep that cattle could not possibly climb them and in little patches which would not be worth considering in America. It is a solemn joke among Norwegians that their country would be the largest on the face of the earth if it was only flattened out. I think many Norwegians take this, which was originally turned loose on them for a joke, as a fact. Some of these farms were perfect ideals in miniature, with tiny chalet and barns and patches of waving green and diminutive hay lands on edge, with hurdles on which the grass was hanging to cure. Barefooted girls were raking hay or going demurely along with downcast eyes and fingers busy with the ever ready knitting that precious time might not be lost.

One specimen of rustic beauty, who seemed everything good and becoming, from naked brown feet buried in the grass to top wisp of her sun-burnt hair, was an ideal Maud Müller. Perhaps it was the swaying of the cariole ; perhaps the steady jogging of the pony ; perhaps inspiration caused by sun and air and pretty girl combined, that suggested thoughts of that other Maud Müller and the foolish judge, but the lines came jingling irresistibly. There is no escape. Under the rhythmic swing of the swooning theme this, like any other fever, must run its course in the story of this Maud Müller of the Midnight Sun.

"Maud Müller on a Summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with Hay."

MAUD MÜLLER.

"Maud Müller on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay."
Dimples had she and a bashful way,
And freckles, and hair like golden spray,
And dreams of silks, and a grand array,
And a longing which nothing could allay
Save rings and things, and to be *au fait*
In the very swellist societié.

* * * * *

A kodaker from Amer-i-*ca*
Came riding along in a stolkjærré;
A judge (of beauty) was he they say
And he went for that maid without delay.
She giggled but did not tell him nay
Because he had such a taking way,
And—though he blushed at the chaste display
When she deftly tucked the tip away
In a place of safety—*Ich verstehe?*—
The picture he snapped was quite O. K.
"Thanks," said the judge, "a fairer fay
Can not be found in all Norway."
Then he sighed—with an air quite distingué
Like a war horse scenting the sulphurous fray—
But he had *some* sense—and it doesn't pay
To dawdle around in a slip-shod way
When you have one wife who has come to stay.

* * * * * *

And Maud she married a country jay
(They made their tour in a one-hoss shay),

Came riding along

in a Stolkjærre.

A Kodaker from America.

Then settled down
in the old-time way
To the care of kids
and curds and whey.

* * * *

And her after life
was most all play
Her joys increasing
day by day
Till in time there was a strong array—
The vogue in Scand-in-a-vi-a.

* * * * *

The judge is getting old and gray.
He's not so young nor spry nor gay
As when the maid—somewhat *passé*—
Barefooted, raked the new mown hay.
And life no longer blooms like May
For Mud is now his *soubriquet*—
Excuse my Frenchness *s'il vous plait*—
And of all mean things that *ricochêt*
Athwart a mind that's grown *blasé*—
That pen can paint or tongue portray—
The *meanest* thing the world can say,
Is "*Poor old Dog, he's had his Day.*"

The One Hoss Shay

The Vogue in Scandinavia.

"The poor Old Dog has had his day."

At Vossevangen we spent the night. It is a charming little village with good hotels, an old church, the oldest wooden house in Norway and a lot of other old things. In the morning —July 31st—at 8.15 we left on a special train for Bergen, sixty-

seven miles distant. The road passes through forty-eight tunnels, screws spirally into the mountains to gain different levels, runs along giddy shelves hanging over waters of jet, with glimpses of farms, of red-roofed houses, of hillside hurdles draped with hanging green, of thickly wooded hills and rocky heights a-purple with the heather's bloom.

"Tejus, isn't it?" remarked the Cultured Mind with the Marvelous Legs. The man from Oshkosh opened his eyes to ask the time of day and dozed off again.

The Trail of the Train.

SÖR FJORD.

Ye
Ancient
Fisherman
of
Bergen

XVIII

BERGEN.

BERGEN is a town of fifty thousand inhabitants, modern and ancient blended, red-roofed as seen from the harbor. It has broad streets and elegant stores rising where old fires have cleared the way. Where the fire failed in its duty, the squares are surrounded by structures of ye olden time. I understand the town has everything that can ordinarily be found in large cities—to go into details is unnecessary. It was founded according to tradition in 1070. It is the greatest fish market in Norway. An old law compelled all fishermen with fish to sell to bring them here under severe penalty if they failed, and although the law has lost its force the practice continues. The principal attraction to visitors —the very strongest in fact—is the fish market. It is a great

Bergen from the Fjord

square fronting the quay where in the morning come the fishermen and fisherwomen in picturesque craft and costume, loaded with finny monsters which are held up for inspection with invitations to purchase. Near by is the museum where one can get an excellent idea of the way they lived, and the means of their taking off, in the olden days.

The Market Place.

It is a characteristic of the Norwegian that he is honest in his amusements even. He will not countenance a fraud. Barnum would not have been appreciated. Law and custom protect the amusement seeking public. If everything is not given as advertised the matter must be explained to the satisfaction of the court without delay. "Cirkus Bekatow" was a fair example. It was a show of unusual merit, where I had expected to find the usual fake. There was no suggestion of the rough element, always looked for in the American circus. The performers were self-respecting students of the art in which they were striving to excel, very much like children learning difficult things, at times and failing, trying again and again, certain of the kindly sympathy of the audience and of

A Bargain Counter

Green Goods.

A Market Cart.

final approval when they succeeded. There seemed to be no well defined dividing line separating the amusement-maker from the amused. Performers and visitors were as one family. Midway of the performance an intermission was given and we were invited to visit the side tents and inspect the animals—an invitation which was generally accepted. After the show we went back to the ship, arriving at 11 P. M. while still the sunset light was in the north. It was the first evening performance I ever attended where I got home before dark. If all the public shows were of the character of Cirkus Bekatow Sunday schools might be trusted to go in a body, and ministers and deacons would no more need to make excuses for attending.

Some of Cook's Lapps

This being the condition we felt just a bit sold when, in pursuance of the programme, we drove out to the Lapp encampment which we found consisted of a family of alleged Lapps and a job lot of reindeer which had been induced to come down from the mountains by Messrs. Cook & Son and made much of by persons with carriages to let. To those who had seen the Lapp in his camp farther north this fenced-in collection was somewhat suggestive of the Saratoga Indian who talks to you with a pronounced Milesian brogue. And the "Fantoft Church" was another! It was noted and described in the guide book as a staye-kirke transplanted from an interior place and re-erected here by the American Consul. It should have "stayed" where planted originally. To our appeals for permission to enter we could get no satisfactory response

or explanation why. Examination through peep-holes, inadvertently left or made by some inquisitive visitor before us, showed that while it might have been the original shell it was only a shell—there was nothing to indicate its holy office save its outside. Perhaps we had no right to complain. Perhaps it would be to the advantage of our country if some other noted churches were as considerate in withholding their interiors from the public. Any way the ride was pleasant and to take the bad taste out of the mouth we visited on the return the modest grave of one who, while a native of Norway, was a citizen of all the broad earth. A graceful urn, standing in a mass of green with blossoming flowers bears the inscription "Ole Bull, 1810–1880," and marks the last resting place of the Master.

Fantoft Church.

Ole Bull's Grave.

ODDE FROM THE NOTCH ABOVE.

XIX

ODDE.

ODDE lay like a toy village at the head of Sörfjord as we first saw it on August 2d. Beyond, were farms and patches of hay fields with great mountains at right and left coming sharply down to the water. The mountains at the right were bathed in sunshine, at the left they were all in purple shadow. From the notch above—now in sunshine, now in shade—came a foaming stream. A model road climbs up out of the lower valley and continues alongside a broad lake and through expensive rock-cuts and over long stone viaducts and upward by the brawling river and past "Lotefos," a wonderful waterfall, where stood a little chalet with refreshments. The way was nearly perfect for a wheel—a fatal perfection as was found by an officer attached to Emperor William's suite when he visited the spot but a few

Odde from the Fjord

Good
Roads

days before we came for, returning he lost control over his wheel at one point where the descent was sharp and wheel and rider plunged into the rushing stream. A plodding boy was the only witness. Later the wrecked wheel was found, but search failed to discover the body and the "Hohenzollern" sailed away without it. Much sympathy was expressed for the Emperor. One account said "the Emperor was very sad for he was one of his favorite officers." We should not blame the officer too severely. He probably did not anticipate the annoyance the unfortunate affair would cause his Royal Highness.

The valley above Odde shows fields with many hurdles where the hay hangs drying in the sun. Grass grows thick and fine but not tall. The season for cutting hay seems to

Chalet at the Lotefos.

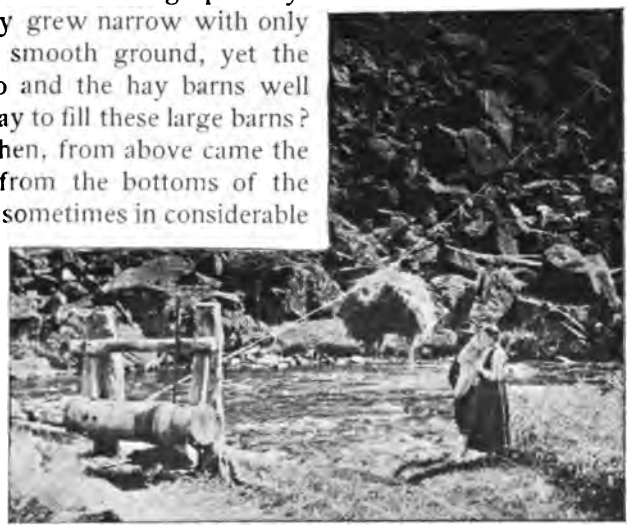
THE LOTEFOS.

be continuous. I saw in one field spots where it had been cut short, at others half grown and still others where it stood full grown grass. It grows in the sunny spots in the valley, on the steep

Subaqueous Meadows.

mountain sides, on the heights roundabout. But little is wasted. I saw men wading knee-deep in water cutting the coarse grass that grew from the bottom which, when cut, rose and floated in windrows to be towed ashore and hung up to dry.

As we advanced the valley grew narrow with only here and there a patch of smooth ground, yet the houses appeared well-to-do and the hay barns well filled. Whence came the hay to fill these large barns? It was mystery at first. Then, from above came the answer. Wires stretched from the bottoms of the valleys upward to the cliffs, sometimes in considerable



The Hay Dispatch Line

numbers like giant spider-webs glistening in the sun. Often the upper parts were lost to sight but we knew that up there, somewhere among the rocks, they were made fast. At the lower ends they were wound around rude windlasses securely anchored. Down these lines, suspended under a wheel that ran on the wire, came the hay in bundles sweeping swiftly from top to base, which was reached in quick order and with a degree of force that would not have been entirely safe if the bundle had been of eggs instead of hay. They send their wood down from the heights in the same manner. There is but 1,074 square miles of cultivated land in Norway and most of this is devoted to the raising of hay. Grass grows on the sunny spots in the valley, on the steep mountain sides and on the heights from which it comes down on the wires. It is life to the Norwegian farmer. On it subsist the cattle and goats which are a necessity, the occasional horse which is a luxury, and the pig which is a scavenger. The cow and goat yield milk and butter and cheese. Cheese is a staple food, taking

A Beast of Burden

to a large extent the place of animal flesh. I do not think butter is considered a necessary factor in the common meal. They seem to go on the assumption that butter, like wine, is improved by age. My experience was limited in private families, but so far as I was able to investigate the farm people, who were immaculate in respect to general cleanliness, did not seem to realize that there was anything out of the way in butter that outranked Limburger cheese.

The Kitchen.

Bread (flatbroid) is the kind kept in stock. It is composed mostly of rye flour, mixed without leaven and rolled thin with a crosshatched rolling pin leaving the surface like a thin waffle. It is then baked on a griddle about two feet in diameter and packed away for future use. It will keep indefinitely "two, three, four, five years," I was told. When to be eaten water is poured on which it absorbs and becomes soft and leathery. I sampled some. It was vinegary and appeared to be about the consistency of a fairly good rubber door mat.

The kitchen is usually a separate building of logs. A stone platform is at one side with other stones set upright, between which the fire is built. The smoke is pop-

A Grist-mill and a Grindstone.

ularly supposed to pass out through an opening in the roof. Pots and kettles hang over the fire suspended from beams above.

The Norwegian woman is cleanly, her lace curtains are white as the driven snow, her floor is bright as soap and sand and labor can make it, her box-like bed is a model—according to the Scandinavian standard—of snow-white linen and over-rugs of goat hair or coarse wool, woven into a fabric of the most brilliant hues, something in appearance between a Turkish rug and a Chilcat blanket; heavy enough certainly but so unyielding as to suggest the comfort one might expect from sleeping under a square of oil-cloth.

The national dress of the average country woman, so far as we were permitted to investigate, consists of a short, dark blue skirt, a variable shirt waist—white on dress occasions—a sleeveless red jacket and, commonly, a small shawl thrown about the neck. The married woman wears a white head-covering like a small tablecloth which she starches stiff and shapes into a warning stand-off sort of an affair quite un-Frenchy. The young woman goes bareheaded, her hair in braids hanging down her back, and usually barefooted about her work in house and field.

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The National Dress.

The man's style is London and New York, more or less baggy at the knees according to local conditions, as may be found from Oxford to Oshkosh. The ready-made clothing man has everywhere driven out the national and picturesque, except on the high mountains, among the distant islands and in the extreme East.

ÆRIAL MILK ROUTE.

The hay crop is too precious to be wasted for immediate wants. One sees but few cattle in the valleys. They are up on the mountains where they go, about June 1st, to remain until about November 1st. They told me of a herd of cattle up on the mountain where food was plentiful. There were forty of the cows, with two women and a man to care for them. The milk is sent down every evening via the aerial line—the same as hay and wood, except that while the hay and wood are go-as-you-please affairs, the milk cans are restrained by a second wire unwound at the top station, that the descent may be becomingly gradual.

We drove out—the judge from Texas and myself—toward evening to see a heavenly milk route. From the lower windlass a wire cable extended outward and upward toward the cliffs that rose vertically above the side of the valley, but the line was lost to sight long before it had spanned the foot-hills and masses of debris that lay between us and the base of the wall. Away at the summit—more than a thousand feet above—we could make out a framework which we understood held the upper end of the wire, but the distance was too great to distinguish anything like a human form—if any were there—and there was nothing to show that the milk was on the way. I put my ear against the wire and listened. There was a roar as of an approching railroad train.

"The milk is coming," I said.

"No," said His Honor, putting his judicial ear to the wire; "it is the wind."

A Typical Farm-house and Barn

Again I listened. The roaring continued, then suddenly stopped, then began again, and I knew I was right.

"It *is* the milk."

But *where?* After long watching out into blue space we saw at intervals a faint flash, like the light of a glowworm away up toward the summit. It seemed motionless at first and then—almost imperceptibly—descended, then grew in brilliancy, flashing out brightly. Now it is a twinkling star; now a flashing meteor; now a blazing sun; now—two bright tin milk cans sliding down on the crane-like carriage to which they hang, held back by a smaller wire. They are soon unhooked by the boy who is there to receive them and empty cans put in their places. Now the boy telegraphs up to heaven—or wherever the wire ends in that direction—by blows with a club given at intervals on the cable. It may have been the Morse system or something older which he practiced, but it was undoubtedly understood above, for soon the empty cans and supplies started on their way, to be swallowed up in space.

The Aerial Milk Route.

"That yarn about manna doesn't strike one as so improbable after seeing milk cans come out of the sky," said the judge with a twinkle in his eye.

"But, judge, this is different. There's the man up there managing that second wire—"

"Mere matter of faith—nothing in evidence to support the claim. To all intents and purposes this wire has only one end."

"Well, but you must admit the difference in the manner of descent. Supposing the small wire we *did* see had parted and let the cans down with a run. Circumstantial evidence points—"

"*'Pints'* you mean, but beef-ore such a thing occurd 'twere butter to have been awhey."

"*What!*"

"Kinely overlook it," urged the judge.

I understood later that he was a hopeless cattleeptic.

We made but one more stop in Norway. Stavanger was the place and there was much wonder expressed as to why we went there at all. It was flat, stale and unprofitable after what we had seen.

There was the cathedral to be sure—ancient pulpit, wood carvings, stained glass windows, twelve apostles poking their heads out through a line of holes extending along at the rear of the apse, public garden with some forsaken swans swimming about, and the public market—fish, vegetables and cheese.

I sought out the usual Chicago man for hydraulic treatment. He was uncommonly sleepy for a Chicago man but then he had lived in Stavanger since his return.

"Music? Yes, the band plays once a week. Then you might go up into the watch tower and look at things."

"But the people? the place seems deserted."

Stavanger Fish Market.

A Funeral a la Mode.

GOOD-BYE TO NORWAY.

"Quality all off to the summer resorts."

"And those who can't get away—what do they do for amusement?"

"Oh, they just walk 'round a little—and go to bed."

The most exciting experience in Stavanger was a funeral *a-la-mode.* Horses and hearse were decorated. The mourners followed on foot and a semi-military party in a plug hat with the airs and dignity of a drum major marched in the van.

Yes, Stavanger could have been left out without appreciable loss and yet, perhaps it was needed to fill out a well rounded picture of country and people. It was not a climax but rather an accentuation of restfulness which curiously enough appears to be the most notable characteristic of a mountain people noted for warlike deeds. Gentle are they and soft of voice. An assertion is not made more positive by loud adjectives. "Shall not" with them is in tone like "if you please."

It faded finally—the low shores ; the islands that rose above the water—worn smooth by the waves or ground by glaciers from the north—all gentle now and restful in the warm sunshine.

Good-bye, Norway. Land of rugged mountain, of mighty cliffs, of deep fjords ; home of a gentle, self-respecting people. The last impression is perfect where all were good. Not one unpleasant thought comes to me now for which land or people are responsible. The picture is complete.

A Memory of Stavanger.

XX

COPENHAGEN.

THURSDAY, August 5th, early in the day, we sight Denmark lying low and lush under the moist, warm atmosphere. Later, low hills stretch along, defining the horizon, brightened by pretty hamlets and larger towns. Toward noon the way narrows—the shores of Sweden approaching on the left. At noon a pilot comes aboard from the light-ship anchored in the channel, to show us the way through which, for the privilege of passing in old time, Denmark exacted toll from all the nations of earth.

About one o'clock the Castle of Elsinor was passed—Elsinor, on whose walls Hamlet's father walked o'nights and poured into the listening ear of his son the awful story of his taking off, turning noble thoughts into evil, the sweetness of life into gall, and love into a thing of little note to be dragged through the mire as of no account compared with revenge which, in a mind diseased, had taken upon itself the form of divine justice! Was Hamlet mad? Is not every creature, high or

Castle of Elsinor.

low, who can sacrifice all of life in the vendetta the victim of a horrible madness which cannot be explained? He certainly showed all the skill of a preternaturally shrewd mind diseased. The question whether such a character ever existed or not is of little consequence. The genius of a Shakespeare has made Hamlet a substantial fact.

Later we approached Copenhagen through much shipping and finally entered the narrow stone gateway into "Frihaven," which is a free haven only in the sense that your goods are permitted to remain on shipboard or landed on the dock in bond, until proper duties are paid. Copenhagen is a city of magnificent buildings; of beautiful palaces and churches; of granite-paved streets and of splendid business places in which the claims of architecture have not been ignored. Nearly one-half its area is in public parks and squares. Inequalities of surface, either natural or created expressly, give variety and beauty. Its richly ornate palaces of marble are blackened by time and the elements. It had the bustle and rush and roar of a great and enterprising city with a different air and sense of life from that experienced among Norwegian towns. Copenhagen seems rather American in feeling. It is finer than Paris in that it has greater variety in its architecture, with a mixture of French, Russian, Turkish and Moorish. They are more advanced than Norway—more policemen to watch you!

Towing into Frihaven

A BUSINESS STREET IN COPENHAGEN.

IN COPENHAGEN.

The Norwegian thinks you honest—the Dane has doubts. The Norwegian throws out goods for you to select from and goes off about some other business—the Dane hangs around and keeps an eye on you to see that you pay for what you get. It is a great city. It contains 375,000 souls beside a lot of coachmen. We had experience with both kinds. The king's palace is one of

The King's Palace.

four splendid marble structures forming the four sides of a quadrangle in the heart of the city. We were limited in time and did not call. The pleasure of the people seems largely out of doors. The drives and parks and gardens are lined with open-air places of refreshment. Tables are under trees and awnings on the streets where people eat and drink and visit.

Open Air Luncheon

"Tivoli" is the representative amusement garden. Before we landed the impression had gone around that it was just a little naughty and everybody wanted to go, but it was nothing of the kind—simply a great public garden managed by private enterprise where were public concerts, theatrical performances, a circus, a wild east show, swings, wheels, shooting galleries, pantomime, variety performances of doubtful value in an educational sense but well accepted by the pleasure-loving people who gathered around, and refreshment places—in one of which we had one of the daintiest and most satisfying of course lunches imaginable.

The impression of Danish art is sombre ; melancholy. In the splendid Royal Museum the most striking among the pictures to be remembered were one of King Charles II., the royal prisoner in his endless round ; one showing a dead fisherman brought to his home and the awful despair on the face of his old wife; a Viking ship coming out of mist-drenched space, and a bold Lochinvar of the dug-out period bearing his captive maiden away on his wild steed—which he is guiding with a modern bridle.

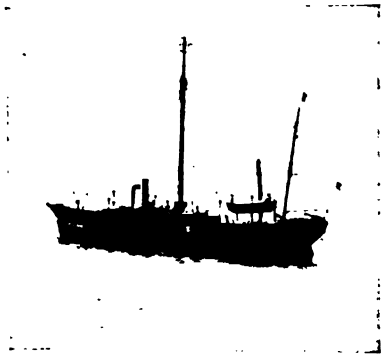
"Tivoli."

There is an entire museum here devoted to Thorwaldsden's works. The remains of the great sculptor are entombed in the centre of the quadrangle. Nearly all the works here im-

ROSENBORG PALACE.

pressed me as did his Christ at Trondhjem, as the rough sketches made by a master who had not the patience to perfect himself in detail. His forms are strong in outline, imperial in pose, grand and restful in mass but with job-lot legs and arms that are not always mates, lacking in detail and often faulty, even clumsy, in individual members. His grandest figures are not infrequently troubled with dropsy—filled with water, or wind, instead of bone and muscle. The museum is supposed to contain nearly everything made by Thorwaldsden, original or copied. Not the least interesting was his last work—and that unfinished—when his call came. It is a statue of Martin Luther, complete in every detail excepting one unfinished eye. My impression is that the left eye was all right and the right eye left, or the right eye was right and the left eye left—I am not clear as to this. Perhaps the artist took this way of representing Martin as a man of one idea—genius is sometimes erratic and not always quite understood.

Of course we raced through Rosenborg Palace—the palace of the old kings—with its magnificent gold and silver and marble and precious stones reduplicated in its many mirrors. It is nice undoubtedly to be a powerful king and remembered when you die, but it is a whole lot nicer to be a live American than a dead king.



Elsinor Light-Ship

XXI

STOCKHOLM.

STOCKHOLM—"Queen of the Baltic" they call it sometimes, sometimes "Venice of the North—" is reached through winding channels among a multitude of islands. The eastern shore of the Scandinavian peninsula is sprinkled with islands, little and big, through which wind devious channels, and all the southern and eastern portion of the land is gleaming with lakes and ponds, so that one can hardly say where the sea ends and the land begins, for the land itself seems but a gathering of islands. Where one of the larger lakes—Lake Maleren—empties its waters among the islands through a narrow mouth and the inland stream fights with the tides of the Baltic, the channel is almost entirely blocked by a little island, and here long ago they built Stockholm. To-day this little island is practically the centre of the city.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

In the early morning we entered a land-locked—practically a town-locked—harbor. On one side were lines of buildings back of which rose bluffs covered with other buildings. A little way west a skeleton frame of iron stood, and up and down through it at intervals, a huge "lift" rose and fell. From the highest point a slender bridge extended over the house-tops to the cliffs at Mosebacken in the upper town. The water-front displays floating docks, a long line of fishing and market boats and, beyond this, the visible part of the city. In this visible part were splendid buildings, notable churches with historic records, and farther still, as seen from Mosebacken, the noble, though not specially pretentious, royal palace of Stockholm. In the monumental church seen near the palace lie the dead Swedish kings and heroes who have taken part in bloody scenes in the days when Christians were made by the sword and butcheries done in the name of the Prince of Peace. Waterlocks are at the two sides of the island to shut out the turbulent tides when they rush upward from the sea, and regulate the outflow of the fresh water which comes pouring from the great lake above.

The architecture of Stockholm is more French than otherwise—as we have learned to call that which is loosely termed Renaissance—with a suggestion of the oriental here and there. It is being made grander and more beautiful with succeeding years, old parts disappearing and broad, splendidly defined streets taking their places. The sky over many of the higher buildings is darkened with telephone wires, which are much used because of the cheap service. Street car and cab service is ex-

Mosebacken Lift

cellent. Seats at theatres cost from ten cents to seventy-five cents. Excellent hotels advertise good rooms and *table d'hote* service at $1 to $1.50 per day. It is a busy and a business town, with a population of about 265,000. Turning toward the north and east we see islands, more or less wooded, but thick with buildings and—am I dreaming?—an oriental city in the sky, with great towers and minarettes, and one great, soaring, white dome, supported on four sides by tall columns touched with gold and brilliant lines, with spiral markings and gay with many banners. It is suggestive of a dream, and a dream it is, for this which seems so much a part of fairy-land, is but a special creation for the industrial exhibition, which this particular year has brought forth. So, to add to the interests which Stockholm must always excite as one of the beautiful cities of the world is this special feature. Sunday morning a visit to the exposition grounds was made. It was the Columbian exposition over again, except that it was not so extensive, and that it made the quaint home products and devices of which Scandinavia is the mother and all the world heir—though often unconscious of the fact—the principal. Swedish iron from nail rod up was twisted into forms of beauty, while the marine exhibit carried one in easy stages from the time of the dug-out down to the iron-turreted monster of the present day. Soldiers in wax were there, so true to life that not uncommonly you would find yourself asking them questions in the most sociable way imaginable.

In the main building a large space was devoted to Dr. Nansen and his journeyings, with a value attached to the exhibit not common to the belongings of a man who is still plod-

The City in the Sky.

ding along in this life. He took the chances and, succeeding, is the idol of Scandinavia.

Time spent in the art gallery revealed national characteristics in the modern paintings of Scandinavia and a comparative number from other schools. Summarized, they tell the story of the different peoples. Norwegian art shows wonderful effects of sunset skies, of immeasurable space, of worlds of snow, beautiful, yet with the shadow of death always. Impressionism seems carried to the verge of insanity and over all is an irresistible feeling of melancholy suggestive of solemn brooding through long nights of semi-darkness, with here and there a burst of gladness at the glory of the coming sun. The Swedish, more brilliant and inclined to be more cheerful, is largely of the impressionist character also. The Russian is wonderfully strong and realistic and runs to tragedy, inclining to the grewsome and uncanny. The German, rich, warm, well fed and contented, suggests the easy, innocent animal side of life. The French, brilliant in many ways, seemed thin and objectless when compared with the solidity of their more virile brothers. At the Royal Museum, which is a permanent institution, are interesting marbles and plaster casts of famous statues, tapestry, church furniture, ancient timepieces and jewelry, a few good modern paintings and some valuable old ones, including a number of Rembrandts and a lot of Rubens' freaks, which in some manner have got away from the medical institutions.

Monday, the seventh of August, we took a ride through the city and out into the country. The land shows signs of great productiveness in rank oats, rye and tobocco, and in the magnificent elms that meet above our heads, and the great white birches and mighty Norway pines and oaks.

THE ROYAL PALACE.

We dropped in on a king—or his palace rather, as he has been dead some hundreds of years. Here we saw some fine leather work, wood-carving, and paintings on glass, and on canvas by the dead king. And I wish to say right here for the encouragement of the crowned heads that I have seen very much worse work in public exhibitions.

In the afternoon we visited the palace of the live king. It is built on four sides of a great court into which we drive and are unloaded to make our way up broad stone steps and through gallery after gallery, the rollers of the great doors greased with a half krone from each visitor paid in hand to the liveried representative of His Majesty.

It was quite evident royalty was out. The rich rugs were rolled and piled against the centre tables or had been removed entirely, and plebeian feet—at a quarter krone per foot—trod only on squares of oak. The chairs and settees were also covered with dust cloths, but we hardly thought it worth while to assert ourselves—we simply dropped into them as they were. Some of the party would have tried the state beds also, but the fear of being left behind and missing something thereby kept them in line.

So we raced over acres of open floor, through reception rooms, sleeping rooms, glittering banqueting hall, (which on state occasions, as our veracious guide assured us, is lighted with a million electric lights) ; through the grand ball-room where massive chandeliers hung from the ceiling which was painted to represent the sky in such a realistic manner that no doubt many a lady in full dress, has gathered influenza, or grip, or whatever else might have been popular in society at the time.

The Floating Market

The Royal Palace.

STOCKHOLM FROM MOSEBACKEN.

GIANTS.

I wonder if the royal flunkeys are commonly justified in assuming that parties who take advantage of open hours to visit royal palaces are rabbles unworthy of consideration? We were willing to be shown about, and could offer no reasonable objections to being locked through sections of rooms in flocks proportioned to the supposed ability of the conductors to keep an eye on the valuable things left lying around loose, but when it came to heading us off in the manner of not over refined cow-boys and bullying and "shewing" us along as they might a flock of hens, they ran up against a cold American stare that has been known on occasions to freeze a Turk. They wilted finally and displayed a dazed sort of deference that was somewhat surprising although, on the whole, no more than Americans had a right to expect.

In the round we were at one time shown the alleged living rooms of the royal family—part of them at least. They were rich in decoration—uncomfortably so it struck me, and filled with upholstered things and much unsteady bric-a-brac. In one room paintings of Napoleon and Josephine had the place of honor; in another the king's father and mother were supreme; in a third King Oscar II. himself; in a fourth was a son of the king showing a splendid military figure of apparently uncommon height. Asked about this peculiarity, the intelligent guide affirmed that the young man was seven feet three inches high. Questioned farther he insisted that it was a fact.

"What is the height of the father—the present king?" I asked.

"Oh, he, seven feet," was the reply.

This is news. I have unearthed a fact which the world does not generally know!

We are shown into the queen's breakfast room, and find it, I must confess, something of a disappointment. It is back of the long line of well lighted rooms, suggestive of the darkened middle of a city flat. It is rich enough in its woodwork undoubtedly, but it is not the airy, sunny, flower-filled, bird-inhabited breakfast room you would look for in the daily living of a queen. On either side are doors leading into rooms which, the guide said, were the sleeping apartments of the king and queen respectively, and here—filled with the importance of his subject, this flamboyant flunkey explaining at length the process by which nutriment is introduced into royal bodies.

"In ze morning ze king, he come out *zis* door, ze queen she come out *zat* one, and za *meet* and za teek ze coffee on *zis* table."

We gazed reverently at the table whereat royalty is wont to break its fast. There is nothing the matter with the table ; it is a *good* table—of real ash—and never *could* have cost less than $4.99 at a sale even—but it certainly is not oppressively regal.

"And now," and his voice takes on a solemn hush as he soars up triumphantly, albeit reverently, to the climax, "*Now* I vill show you into ze queen's bed schambre," and, striking an attitude, he grasps the handle of the door out of which the queen comes to take her matutinal coffee, with every appearance of intending to open it, and looks surprised when he finds it locked.

"It ees locked, I vill get ze key" he explains rushing away—to return soon with the crushing information that we cannot get in today.

"Everyzing is being repair by ze mason—we may not zee it. No—ze mason repair eet."

What can a mason have to do with the couch of royalty? Such questions will arise in the common mind. It is mystifying.

It leaves one with a vague sort of impression, that perhaps for sanitary or other reasons, the queen sleeps in a mortar bed.

I do not care much anyway. It would probably be another disappointment. That cheerless breakfast box tells its story—not a flower or bird or anything pleasant about it. It almost seems that the odor of ancient flap-jacks and limburger and cod-fish and other old smells float out from the crevices. I picture to myself that door opening of a morning after some notable royal function, and the unwashed first lady of the land, skating forth in a canton-flannel wrap, half buttoned and awry, hair in curl rags pointing various ways, and (pushing along in carpet slippers that she couldn't back up in to save her life) to bolt a dipper of coffee then slide to cover again. If I had such a queen as that I would arrange to acquire legal citizenship in one of the Dakotas without delay.

And yet I sometimes think that the tourist doesn't get at the bottom facts about royalty by an inspection of its shell on off days. Even though, for a consideration, you are shown through private rooms, it leaves something still to be desired. To be sure we are allowed to pry into places and things in a manner that would not be tolerated by a private citizen of America at all, but kings are different I suppose, so when our regal guide finds locked doors with well feigned surprise, we feel that we have been cheated of vested rights. If permitted to impose on privacy for a price, why draw the line at persons? It may come high, but we are willing to pay for it, and it would be a great comfort if the keepers would only trot the royal parties out so that we could take their altitude, feel their muscles, investigate their teeth, sound their heads for hollow places, and in this manner, obtain

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Street Lunch for Horses.

facts which would be of infinite interest to posterity and friends at home.

Really, Oscar seems well fixed here. He has the reputation above most of being a wise and unpretentious monarch, and although he may appear seven feet high to some of the little men around him, he is not imposing as viewed from a distance, or even throughout the Scandinavian peninsula. Good, he may be, and the wisest among modern monarchs, but independent Norway, holding sturdily to its right to fly an independent flag, looks upon him as a luxury which it could easily forego, and I suspect even Sweden regards him simply as a good-enough old party to live with, but not much of a show piece among the nations of the earth. Possibly he is *too* good. He may possess all the wisdom of a Solomon, but it rather helps a monarch out with the average man if he also has some of Solomon's other peculiarities. Caesar's wife was all right for Caesar's wife, but a little bit of insanity, a pinch of wickedness, a conscience not too hide-bound on open questions and special skill in handling men whose ideal is not too far up to be beyond their understanding, tends to make the mass-worshiped king of to-day. Meanwhile Wilhelm appears to make himself solid with the voters over in Scandinavia, and perhaps, some day, if he continues to be a good boy, little Denmark may drop into his family and the splendid people of the peninsula—who can be depended on never to agree among themselves—will find a big protecting brother in united Germany.

A
City
Truck

XXII

FINLAND.

FINLAND—"Land of a Thousand Lakes!" And now is another ideal shattered. Finland has been associated in my mind from childhood up as a place of marsh and bogs, and a low order of civilization—Finns and Lapps standing together in mind as a common people. I had always pictured them as paddling about in dugouts or navigating logs, sleeping in tents and living on fish or any old thing that drifted their way. Possibly the word "Finn" suggested this fishy idea as it does the fens and marshes which form so large a part of their territory. This early belief has held, even though facts have been known which, if applied, would have shown the absurdity of the thought. Even the existence of a university dating back over two hundred years, could not drive the idea of a fishy savage out of mind. Actual sight reveals the people thoroughly alive to modern things, with a splendid city well in advance of many of our own of which we have reason to be proud, and a refinement that can almost be justified in looking upon us as quite crude and backward in our ways.

The Pilot comes Aboard

"The Gibraltar of the North."

The Senate House.

HELSINGFORS.

About its southern shores are many islands. Within, the lakes occupy nearly one-third the space. Its defence from outside attack is in the many shoals that reach far out beyond its borders, and the tortuous channels by which its main city is reached.

Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, seemed but a little distance away as we approached in the morning, yet under the guidance of the pilot who had come aboard, the big ship wormed and twisted about through seemingly smooth water in a most exasperating manner. Finally we crept through a narrow passage commanded by frowning batteries, which it is a pleasant fancy of the Finns to speak of as "the Gibraltar of the North." Beyond we found smooth sailing, and after a little came to anchor near the city.

The most prominent building seen as we approach, is the Russian church of St. Nicholas. When St. Eric conquered Finland in the twelfth century, he made it a Christian land by proclamation—the usual way in those days. The Lutheran creed grew out of the Norwegian occupancy and is the prevailing one, but in 1809 came the Russians, and the Greek church claimed its share with its cathedral to the front. To-day the Finns struggle in vain to resist the inevitable. Their master in all departments is Russia. They cannot hold their own language even, however pure and firmly established in their places of learning, for the language of Russia is made the official tongue, and Finland can only protest under breadth and swear in Finnish, and swallow what is prepared for them—and when a people is obliged to swallow the Russian language it may be considered that their spirit of independence has entirely de-

Crew of the Landing Boat

parted from them. Such, however, is the inevitable fate of the weak dependencies that hang on to the skirts of the great powers.

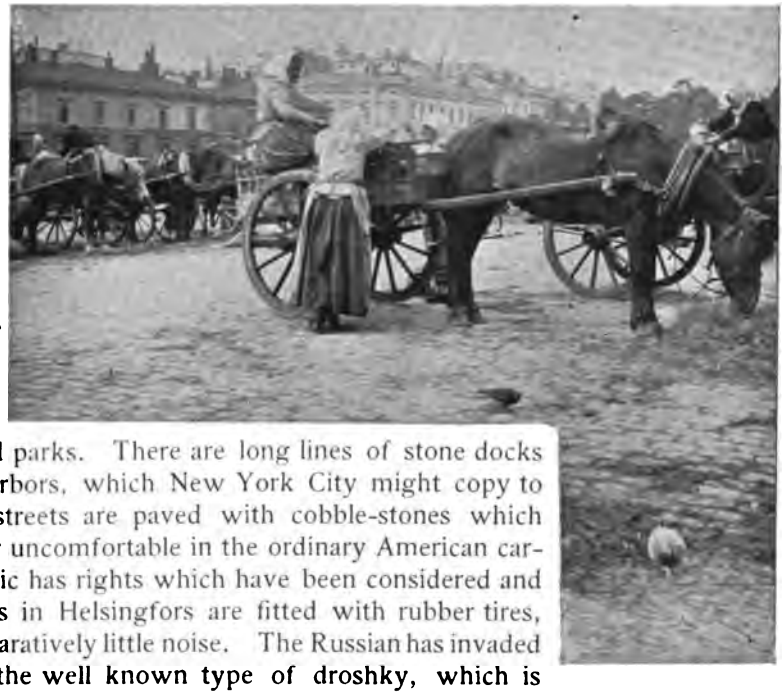
The inner docks are fragrant with a fishy odor, fringed with lines of boats more or less loaded, each the object of watchful solicitude by its own particular fisherwoman, who is as quick at bargain making and change making as the best accountant living and not lacking in accomplishments that would be considered positive genius in the realms of Billingsgate. The public square is the great market place of the city. In the morning it is as a plain in which an army has encamped. It is filled with little booths and stands, tended by the women, where almost everything necessary for living purposes can be purchased. Butter, eggs, milk, cheese, meats, fowls—dressed and undressed—fruits and vegetables of all kinds cover the place. This is in the early morning. Later the docks are cleared and the great square swept clean, and there remains little suggestion of the scenes enacted there in the early sunshine.

About the city are pleasant country roads running into the green woods—not wild, virgin forests as may be found in America, but of the cultivated kind where nature stripped and outraged in the past has been coaxed back, and forgivingly puts on once more her wealth of drapery. Finland has no grand mountains, but its character is rugged and strong, and such must a people be who can exist, as there, where existence is a constant struggle against the long cold winters.

The Market Place

HELSINGFORS.

The Senate House, where certain Finn men are permitted to meet and amuse themselves by enacting laws—which are approved or set aside by the Russian power at will—is a splendid structure; indeed all the public buildings are worthy of the best cities of the world. The streets are broad, well paved and electric lighted. There are well served lines of electric street cars, the fares about three cents. There are splendid public squares and parks. There are long lines of stone docks enclosing inner harbors, which New York City might copy to advantage. The streets are paved with cobble-stones which might make riding uncomfortable in the ordinary American carriage, but the public has rights which have been considered and public conveyances in Helsingfors are fitted with rubber tires, running with comparatively little noise. The Russian has invaded Helsingfors with the well known type of droshky, which is comfortable enough, and a driver made picturesque by law in his bell-crowned hat and long quilted coat reaching almost to his feet. The price for one or two persons for an hour, is established by law at about fifty cents. Of course you give your driver a small sum in addition.



Telephones are a common necessity and within the reach of ordinary people. The Finnish police carry swords and the air of major-generals, and almost everybody wears boots of Russia leather much wrinkled about the ankles.

The Finns are inclined to be sandy, with light hair and light gray or blue eyes ; the men with scanty beard ; the women much given to embonpoint and aprons and handkerchiefs and small shawls which they wear about their heads tied under their chins. This of the class who sell things in the public market and wait in the fisher boats. It appeared to me that, as a rule, the women are larger and heavier than the men.

There are elegant stores and hotels, and women's rights are recognized to the extent that the women run the market business generally. They are the clerks in the stores, as well as in departments which the ordinary man usually feels to be his own. They are the street cleaners and street workers—the laboring class generally. They carry hods, lay stone and do work which in our country a woman is never expected to do. Women pulled the stroke oar in the landing boats, and it seemed fit, for they appear to be the heads of the family—boss any way—and meek man takes his orders from her without question.

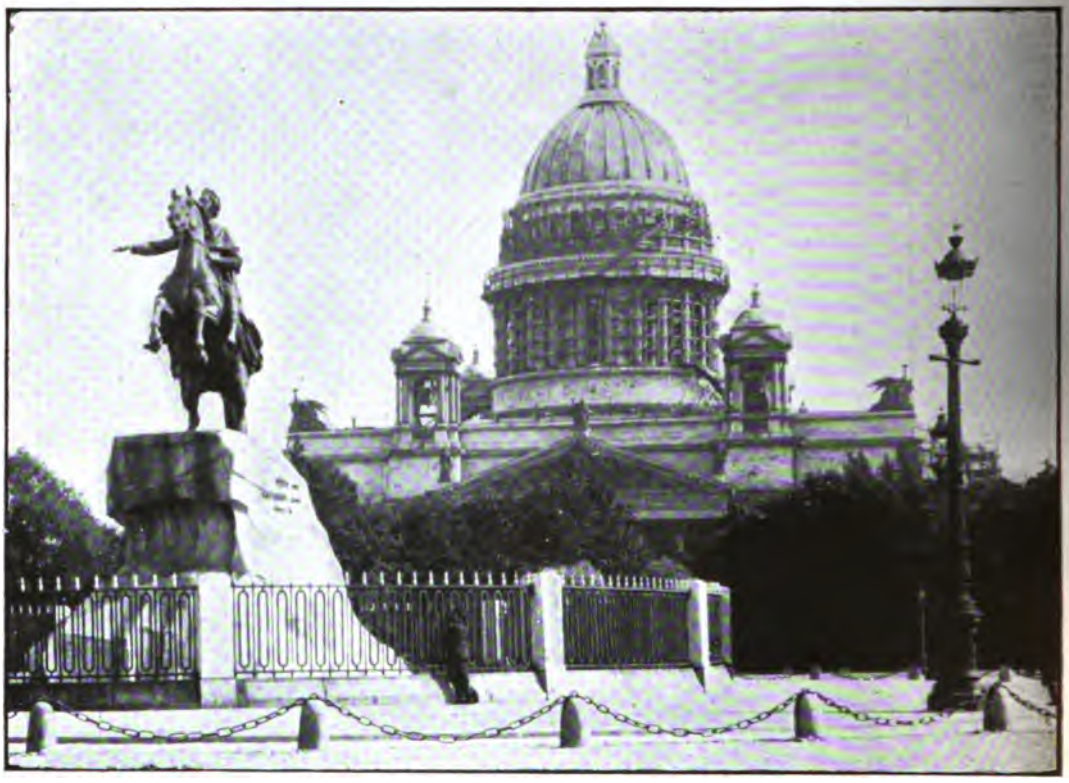
Nature's
Sweet
Restorer

XXIII

ST. PETERSBURG.

PETER THE GREAT had nerve and a long head else he never would have gone out into the swamp to stake out what was to be the future capital of the great Russian empire. This he did in founding the city St. Petersburg, where the level lands at the mouth of the Neva spread out into low islands and marsh in the Gulf of Finland. To-day it stands a magnificent city, with broad streets and splendid palaces, apparently one of the most solid of towns, and yet the stone out of which it was built, and much of the land itself on which it stands was brought from a distance or dug up out of the bottom and held in place by deeply driven piles and stone walls, that divide the solid portions from the water-ways, stretching through it in many directions: Not only was this process of land-building carried on in the city proper, but it was continued outside in reclaiming sections, now under a high state of cultivation, and in far-

The Winter Palace



PETER THE GREAT AND ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL.

A Palace Guard.

reaching parks shaded by splendid trees. And his successors have made this fenland a seaport by deep dredging and long double lines of stone and earth-works, extending outward for miles to deep water. I saw the boat in which Peter the Great paddled about while planning the streets of his future city; went through the little log house in which he lived; was, as a special favor, permitted to sit in the sleigh which he made with his very hands, and held in my own the iron rod which he carried about as a cane when he went out o'nights to see how his subjects were conducting themselves at off hours. Peter the Great was practical as well as a genius. He stands out a remarkable figure, from a background of barbarism. With all his virility, which suggests coarseness, he was curiously enough an artist, as witness some of the really remarkable specimens of ivory carving done by him and preserved among other precious relics of his day. To get a practical knowledge of things in which he felt his people were deficient, he became a common workman in other lands. He served a regular apprenticeship among shipbuilders in Holland and England, then taught his own workmen the better use of tools pertaining to the art. He evidently had an eye for, and a hand in, almost everything that was going, and while history does not hold him up as a model for the Christian young men of the country to follow, he certainly did put his country on a higher

The Bridge of Boats

footing and left it very much nearer what might be termed a saving civilization than he found it.

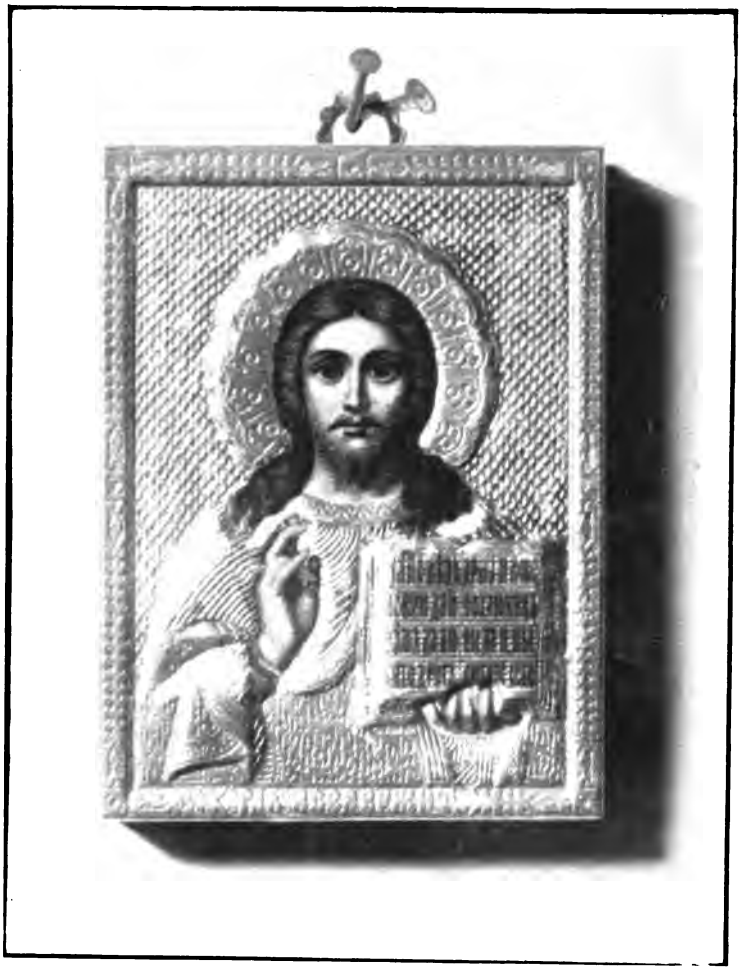
The impression that Peter the Great was great in stature is common. My guide—one of the most intelligent—insisted that Peter the Great was seven feet in height. I called attention to the iron rod which I then held in my hand, which they said was Peter's walking cane—it was even short for me—but this was not at all convincing. Even the suit of clothing preserved in one of the cabinets in the Hermitage, through which my own somewhat extended legs and arms would unquestionably have protruded if I had been permitted to get inside them, did not suggest the possibility of mistake. The guide steadily maintained that he was seven feet high. The grand equestrian statue standing out in the square facing the Neva, near St. Isaac's Cathedral, represents him as a long man, else the magnificent stone horse he bestrides is a vastly enlarged representation of a diminutive original. His deeds were unquestionably great, and he will probably always remain the strongest figure that Russian history will ever know.

The Hermitage.

Towing up the River.

St. Nicholas Bridge

The Quay.



AN IKON.

ICONS.

The Russian is naturally devout. His religion is an every-day affair. Along the streets at intervals are churches where people, from early morning until late at night, come to worship. There are shrines on the open streets where the devout Russian doffs his cap and crosses himself, sometimes kneeling when the passer-by must step aside to pass. In these places will be found altars and many "icons" of varying sizes, from the tiny picture of Christ or the Holy Mother and the Divine Child, that may be carried in the pocket, to the great framed picture of hammered gold and silver, set with precious stones. These holy pictures usually have only the face and hands painted, while the drapery is of silver or gold, or in the cheaper ones, of brass, hammered or engraved to show the detail of fold and ornament. You will see these icons in all public places—even in places of entertainment, where drinks are sold, and which in other countries would hardly be considered as having a religious tendency. You will see them in stores, in shops, in private houses, sometimes two or three which may be in memory of some departed friend or relative, each subject to a certain reverence that in some case might verge on adoration, and before these often a light kept continually burning. In the churches they form a large part of the holy decoration. In some instances they are of immense value, gleaming with gold and silver and precious stones. Sometimes these sacred pictures almost entirely hide the original walls and columns of the building.

A common sight is the public funeral where all, both great and small, walk behind the car that bears the dead body. Some that we saw were magnificent processions, headed by a grand car drawn by long lines of black-blanketed horses, guided by men in uniform. In one case pointed out the car was followed by nobles on foot in all the splendor of their mourning. One

FUNERAL OF A NOBLE.

picture that will remain long in my memory was of a single springless truck, on which was a rude box, over which a black cloth had been thrown. It was drawn by a poor, bony horse and was coming slowly down the middle of the street in a drenching rain storm—and behind it, feebly tottering over the wet stones—an old woman, alone!

The laboring class is ignorant undoubtedly. Few can read or write, but *can* anyone blame them in face of the Russian alphabet, where they use our letters with the "R's" hind-side before and the "P's" and "L's" bottom end up, with a lot of extra characters, and a number of numerals thrown in. They know their weakness, and instead of lettered signs, it is common to show pictures of the things sold within. As for the Russian people generally, no doubt there are low classes, as may be found anywhere when sought, but we who were not specially looking for examples did not cultivate the dregs, and limited time did not admit of our accepting invitations to reside with the nobility, so the actual status of the nation cannot be settled here. But the great middle class on which the prosperity of a country depends —the merchants and the people with whom the public has to do generally—appeared to me, in the common matter of courtesy, as among the finest I had seen in any country. Among the storekeepers, where we had occasion to go, and where we occasionally found one who could speak English, there was a disposition shown to do everything possible to oblige. I have had tradesmen leave the counter and go several doors away from their own to point out a place where I could

Бываетъ хуже

Не везетъ мнѣ, господа,
Неудачи вижу вѣчно,
Но спокоенъ я всегда
И на все смотрю безпечно.
Убиваться, вѣдь, смѣшно,
Да и пользы нѣтъ къ тому же,
Утѣшенье есть одно:
Ничего! Бываетъ хуже!

A Sample.

Three Little Peasant Maids

Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan

Salvation Army of Russia

Beggars on the Porch of St. Isaac's

procure an article which they did not happen to have, and a number of times they sent boys to show me the way, when they could not possibly hope to gain anything more than thanks out of the

The Nevsky Prospect.

transaction. They were universally courteous without any of the servility which might be expected from a down-trodden people.

The streets of St. Petersburg are delightfully clean, and the whole city, so far as I saw, a model of order. These watchful Russian police were, it is true, to be found everywhere—presumably seeking foreign blood, but possibly in the performance of their duties.

One is impressed by the number and appearance of the Russian droshky—most comfortable and convenient of carriers. There are 25,000 of these

City
Water
Ways

droshkys and 1,400 licensed two-horse carriages in St. Petersburg. The droshky driver is a picturesque figure. He is in uniform by law, with bell-crowned hat and long robe like a dressing gown reaching almost to the feet, buttoned closely in the warmest of weather, padded and quilted, and gathered with a cord about the waist. There is a moderate tariff established by law, but you do well to make a bargain here, as with this class the world over, all the same. He is noisy, but that is the way of the species. He doesn't understand his own language. I tried it on him—using choice Russian as given in my phrase book—but it didn't work. He drives fast enough because it is the fashion. When he stops he goes promptly to sleep in his seat. This is against the law, but I did not notice in any instance where trouble came to the driver because of his little lapse. The police may be terrible fellows to whom it would be dangerous to show the slightest disrespect; and yet I have seen these same droshky drivers "sass" back, and make good their point sometimes with a noise and fury that would indicate that nothing short of blood would satisfy them—and in a manner that would call for a good clubbing if indulged in by a New York cab driver.

A necessity with one who does not speak Russian is the "*portier*" who is expected to

A Droshky

The Droshky Driver.

A
Policeman

make the jargon of the natives plain. To the *portier* you must look for all the information required. He is gifted with rare ability and knows all languages. He tells you where to go; what to see; is the intermediary between you and the proprietor of the hotel on the one hand and those who serve on the other. He engages your guide and your droshky for you; sees that you are not overcharged for service or imposed upon by those who would take advantage; and in short, is guide (by proxy), philosopher and friend, leaving the special guide he furnishes you to show you wherever you may go outside his domain which is the grand portal of the hotel at which you are stopping. Of course you are expected to fee him rather handsomely but you feel that it is money well expended and to fail in this would write you down as one unworthy of consideration should you ever put yourself in position to make use of his knowledge again. The best and most popular guide in St. Petersburg is known generally as "The American," and we arranged to have his services. And when this American came, we found that he was a West Indian negro, black as ink. This man seemed to have the respect and confidence of the people with whom he came in contact, with no suggestion that his color made him less than other men; and I found later, somewhat to my surprise, that it was quite common in some quarters to believe that all Americans were black.

Hotel de Europe

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Some men are born liars; some acquire mendacity; some have opportunity thrust upon them. This is often the case where publishers, who are not in the business for their health alone, have discovered that the public is more interested in the horrible than in plain fact. Now there is the late lamented Baron Munchausen and Eli Perkins and George Kennan, who have enlarged facts—or been dreadfully misunderstood. Munchausen, classical, mythical, vast, overwhelming, but pleasantly impersonal, looms athwart the past. Eli has the reputation of being an all-around, every-day, to-be-expected prevaricator—that harms no one, because his stories usually center around himself as the shining object, and only brings in other great people as sort of lack-lustre foils to show how he shines by contrast. Kennan with exceeding brilliancy and a powerful imagination, apparently believes his own statements in regards to Russia, and is undoubtedly responsible for much misapprehension in regard to its people. Among those who have no means of knowing to the contrary, the Russian, as he shows him, is a half-tamed animal, thinly clothed with civilization, having the brute instincts of the savage, the cunning of the serpent, and the cruelty of the tiger, and yet,

after Kennan, as the honored guest of the highest officials, had been permitted to communicate with political outlaws, and had gathered from them an immense amount of contraband matter which he as-

sumed it was all his life was worth to know, these same shrewd savages allowed him to depart without even examining his baggage! It suggests that perhaps his danger was not so great as he imagined.

I was surprised at the general feeling of fear on board our ship when we finally came to anchor at St. Nicholas Bridge and prepared to go ashore. I was warned that I must not under any circumstances use language reflecting on the Russian people or government. It would be best not to write anything lest words might be misconstrued; we must not even be seen making memoranda in our note books—a very severe restriction on those who faithfully kept up diaries to date. I was especially warned not to take my covered kodak ashore until I had full and free permission from the officials so to do.

The custom officers who came on board were looked upon as enemies, of whom we should beware. Kennan escaped over the line with his incriminating documents, much to his surprise —and his trunks were not torn asunder! And they appeared equally as careless in my case, simply tapping my box and bag in passing, without so much as putting a hand inside. Other members of the party were treated in the same manner, although some—who notably discovered only evil in Russia—complained that the officers examined theirs two or three times. If I had not known that these officers were terrible minions of a despotic government, I should have set them down as simply good-natured and somewhat stupid.

The Landing Place

As for the "Press censorship" and the governmental examination of private correspondence, I am satisfied it is simply nonsense. I tried the experiment of sending my opinions on various subjects home on postal cards, which were posted in the regular manner, except in one instance where it was given to a policeman for that purpose. Some of these cards were of a rankly seditious nature. On some I called attention to crying evils in the Russian government; while one contained an order for dynamite to be shipped to St. Petersburg direct. Yet every card passed through the public office and reached its destination in the United States in good condition. Judge for yourself whether the system of surveillance is as complete as has been represented, or the government censorship on correspondence a crying shame against which free America should lift its voice. Their ways are not ours, but it is hardly right to condemn every thing not thoroughly understood as altogether evil. They have their passport system which may be annoying in some ways, but it has its advantages also. It enables friends and others to follow a person all over Russia if necessary, and if he disappears to know exactly the last spot where he rested. As to getting into Russia; one who has had experience in ships, in various parts of the world, told me that from the ship owners point of view, there was just one country where one would meet with more annoyances and delay than in Russia, and that was the United States of America.

"Build me a railroad," said Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russias, "from my ancient capital town to our own city of Petersburg."

A Hay-boat on the Neva.

And straightway there was hurrying in all departments. The

aid of foreign countries was invoked, plans were submitted, showing the country through which the road was to pass, and the towns from which it might draw sustenance, and, after the manner of roads which was expected to get custom from various quarters, it ran in devious ways to touch important points.

And when the czar was shown the plan, he said, "Yes, it is a most beautiful map of my country, but what is this black line twisting like a snake across it?"

And they said, "Sire, that is the railroad which is to be, and it runs thus and so that it may touch important points, and also that it may avoid the hills and morasses that lie between."

And the czar said, "Where is my ancient capital?"

And the minister placed his finger on the site of Moscow.

"And where is our St. Petersburg?" And this also was pointed out.

And the czar said, "Bring me a ruler—one that is straight," he continued, "for a ruler should not be crooked."

And the minister and all that were in waiting smiled out loud, for they perceived that this was a Royal Joke.

Then the czar placed the ruler that was brought to him upon the map, with one end at Moscow and the other at St. Petersburg, and with a pencil and his own royal hand he drew a black line straight from one point to the other and said,

"Build it there."

And the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow is said to be the longest iron tangent in the world.

It is a pretty fiction about a straight line, but the curves are so gradual that it comes near enough the truth for all ordinary purposes. It *is* crooked all the same. Yet marshes have been filled and notches cut through low hills, practically as the Czar

ON THE CZAR'S RAILROAD.

ordered, a tangent four hundred and three miles in length, extending between the two great cities of Russia. The out-going station is substantial but not particularly imposing. The rules for the shipment of passengers appeared sensible as exemplified in our case. Regard for the safety of travelers as well as their comfort seemed a special part of the plan. It is understood that in Russia the responsibility of officials is considerable, for failure in duties or in case of accident, the officials are actually punished—a thing which may surprise Americans, and seem entirely uncalled for by railroad officials generally.

We went by special train of sleepers. Our loyal Americans discovered many things American, but to me it appeared a combination of American and English. The run was not excessively rapid but we made fully as good time as the average night trains in the United States make, taking fourteen hours in the passage between the two cities. The coaches which we understood to be first-class were not nearly so elegant in finishing or furnishing as our Pullmans, but much more comfortable. They were shorter than the American car and divided into compartments, each of which contained four comfortable berths running crosswise of the car with a corridor along one side from

which they were entered. The upper berths were put up out of the way during the day and let down for the night. Each compartment had a window affording light and ventilation, under which was a small table to be used for writing or to hold lunch or for any other purpose desired, with portable steps to be pulled out and used in mounting to the upper berths. Each compartment was heated with steam and contained a thermometer by which the occupants could tell without outside advice, whether they were freezing or baking, and regulate the heat accordingly. There was also a second thermometer arranged with bulb inside and the stem and reading plate outside, so that when the door was fastened for the night, the trainmen could tell the temperature of the room, and regulate it to suit the average comfort of the occupants without asking a lot of officious fool questions with a view to possible tips in the morning.

The road-bed was well ballasted and well kept and the watch stations at intervals along the way as neat as play-houses kept for show alone. The station where we stopped for breakfast was clean, the service, if somewhat noisy, as nearly perfect as could be asked. The waiters were in dress suits and served us in white gloves! Think of it you who have imagined Russia as inhabited solely by furry, fuzzy, woozy people, who never wash their hands or faces or comb their hair.

Breakfast consisted of coffee with rolls and butter as is the custom generally. Russian tea is served as an extra—a clear tea with a lump of sugar and a slice of lemon. Hotel breakfasts ordinarily furnish eggs in addition. The Russian lunch is the same as the breakfast, with the addition of soup and a dish of birds, perhaps. Dinner is the formal meal of all eastern countries,

served in courses, consisting ordinarily of soup, fish, fowl and a roast, followed by puddings, ices, fruits, nuts and coffee. Tea is always extra.

The universal wood of the country which the well-to-do Russian burns, is the white birch. The locomotive that drew us to Moscow was a wood-burner. We saw immense barges loaded with this same white birch in the rivers and canals of St. Petersburg. It grows rapidly and is cultivated as one might cultivate the land for cereals. It is also a tree of ornament, and some of the watch-stations along the road were literally palisaded by growing birches, uniform in size and standing in straight lines as though laid out as the czar laid out his railroad. The land between the two cities was comparatively level resembling somewhat the rolling praries of the west. For some distance outside St. Petersburg it is flat and marshy. As we pulled out heavy fog was raising above it.

"Malaria," ejaculated the doctor of our party. "The infamous Russian government has much to answer for."

Where the swamp ended the land seemed chiefly devoted to the cultivation of cabbages. Later it became more solid, and broad fields of grain stretched right and left as far as eye could reach. It appeared to be mostly rye or wheat or barley. The farm buildings were in clusters, at times forming considerable villages rather than like the scattered farms of New England and the West. Men and women cultivated the fields in large gangs, sometimes as many as thirty or more in a line. The men wore heavy boots, baggy trousers and red shirts or blouses. The women had on most startling combinations of yellow, green, magenta and blue, while some of the younger peasant girls looked like

A Farm Wagon

animated rainbows, butterflies in color although anything but the light and airy insects in motion—which might naturally be expected where butterflies wear men's boots reaching to the knees. If the question is asked how I happened to notice these particulars, I will state that no women in the world, so far as I have seen, lift their dresses so high in a storm or mud as the Russian women, and the remarkable part of it is that they seem to dress more for protection against mud and snow than with a view to appearances.

A Peasant Girl.

The farm houses were generally of logs freed from bark, sometimes squared, and the doors and doorways painted. In every hamlet would be seen, centrally located, the white church in the universal form of the cross, and usually with a green painted dome.

That Russia is not altogether an eden was indicated by a number of medicants who presented themselves, soliciting alms at stations where we stopped. Except that they run so largely to hair, they were no more objectionable in appearance than the ordinary hobo who habitually steals his way on our western railway trains. And these Russian beggars show the utmost deference, bowing and scraping and crossing themselves repeatedly and giving most grateful thanks for any coin that is tossed to them.

To sum up, judging by the condition and appearance of the country through which we passed and the people seen along the way, it seems to me that the average Russian has no special call on us for sympathy. As a rule the country appears in a better condition than the average country in the United States as seen along the average railroad.

XXIV

MOSCOW.

MOSCOW has left on me an impression of splendor and dirt picturesquely combined. A Tartar beauty to the eye—tartar emetic on the system—the general effect, of exceeding interest. What part of this feeling was due to the fact that Thomas Cook & Sons sent us to an alleged high-class hotel—Hotel Berlin, which, in the splendidly-colored circular appears as a hollow square and in memory as a hollow sham—and how much to other untraceable impressions remains an unanswered question.

The older portions of Moscow are richly Tartar in form and color; the new parts splendidly modern. The great fire of 1812, which was encouraged by the natives to discourage the French, might have been continued in some quarters to the town's advantage so far as appearance goes.

Moscow was founded somewhere about the middle of the twelfth century and was the capital city until the seat of government was removed to St. Petersburg in the beginning of the

Old City Walls

IVAN'S TOWER.

seventeenth century. The most interesting part is the Kremlin where, enclosed in high stone walls with five entrance gates, are the royal palaces, the great cathedral where the emperors are crowned, the cathedral of St. Michael where all the Russian sovereigns down to Peter the Great were buried, and the Church of the Annunciation, paved with jasper, cornelian and agate, where the czars are baptized. Here also is the treasury, containing the rich coronation robes and crowns of all the czars—a storehouse of jewels and things of gold and silver that, once used, are to be used no more forever; and the tower of Ivan with its wonderful chime of great bells, and, at its base, the one great bell that was never hung, itself as large as an ordinary house, weighing 222 tons, and its metal alone estimated at a value of $1,750,000. Church and cathedral glitter with gold and silver and precious stones of incalcuable value—a show place where the public come to gaze and admire, and where the great may worship in becoming form—a splendid shell with little life, resplendent with the glories that are principally things of the past.

Here came Napoleon to hold, temporarily, the riches which he could not carry away, and realize the nature of an enemy who would not be conquered though they were destroyed, and where he began that disastrous backward march in which the splendid French army fell down before a mightier than a human foe, the resting place of many a soldier known only when melting snows revealed the stricken form.

Moscow is richly Oriental in its architecture, particularly in its many

buildings devoted to religious purposes. Its churches are white-walled generally, with domes of gold and green and red and ultramarine, surmounted by crosses, from the arms of which hang wires or cords by which lanterns are hoisted on special occasions. It has many bells, rich and deep in tone, sometimes of structure just a little thin giving sounds like low notes on light wires and in every shade of tone, but which, while not always strictly in concord, are rich and harmonious as a whole. The music of the bells is a feature of many hours of the day and night in Moscow.

Of the gates that enter the Kremlin, the one called "holy" is looked upon with great interest by visitors. It is told that Napoleon entered the Kremlin from the opposite side, and when he came and looked out of this gate, he was smitten with a great fear and turned back—disheartened. Whoever passes through doffs his hat reverently. If he neglects to do so there are those on guard who will remind him of the oversight. It is told of a smart American—one of the kind who misrepresent America abroad—who did not propose to take his hat off for any such nonsense. He was politely reminded of the omission by the attendant at the gate, but still persisted. Did the guard immediately make a great noise and arrest him with much Russian bluster and hale him before some mighty magistrate, as would have been done to a violater of municipal rules in free Amer-

The Holy Gate

AN ORTHODOX PRIEST.

ST. BASIL.

ica? Not so, he simply smashed the offending tile by a deft swinging blow with a convenient club and allowed the ex-wearer to proceed in such reverential mood as he might then possess.

The plan of the city is like a great, irregular spider's-web. From the Kremlin run radiating streets and about it circle boulevards where splendid wealth and abject poverty exist side by side. Through this web, close under the walls of the citadel, flows the river Moskva.

At a Shrine.

One of the most remarkable of churches is St. Basil. It contains fully a score of chapels dedicated to as many different saints, and has many domes of different colors, no two being alike. It need not be taken too seriously. It appears more as a freak in church structure than anything else. The chapels have great height and little breadth, and are jumbled together in a maze in which the visitor can easily lose his way. It was built by order of Ivan IV, "the Terrible," in 1554, and was to be unlike any other building ever constructed. When completed the master was so well pleased that he desired to do special honor to the architect whom he summoned before him and congratulated most profusely.

"Could you," said he, "build another even more wonderful than this?"

"I could, sire, one even more remarkable than St. Basil's," answered the flattered builder, scenting another job.

Then, the czar, to show his appreciation of great genius had the builder's eyes put out, for he was a pious monarch, and did

not propose to allow any other king living to get the start of him in style of house or Christian worship.

This was Ivan, "the Terrible," who killed his own son because he fancied the youth had designs on the throne. In one of the galleries is a painting of the scene where the father has dropped the bloody iron bar with which he had crushed in the head of his victim and is pressing the bloody face against his bosom in frenzy—in anguish, undoubtedly, but no one gave him credit for repentance. In this gallery are other awful subjects—horribly beautiful, sickeningly realistic. Muscovite art seems to run to the gruesome and the shocking. Many of the paintings have to do with Siberia and the exiles, showing its horrors, yet giving no suggestion that the artist's work is suppressed, because he has to do with what many Americans suppose to be interdicted subjects. The sufferings of the convicts on the road seems to be a favorite subject, not as a thing to be hidden from the world, but rather as a warning, illustrating the just punishment of transgression of law. And yet there were those with us who could see in these paintings only the high-handed cruelty of a wicked autocrat. It was a study to see how crime and its punishment got so wofully mixed up—or transposed entirely. I heard a supposed-to-be intelligent American, standing before a painting representing the banishment to Siberia of a high-caste Russian woman whose crime was conspiracy. She was a leader in a secret society whose recog-

The Kremlin from across the Moskva

nition sign was two uplifted fingers. In the picture she is represented as holding two fingers defiantly aloft to show, in her abasement even, her scorn and hatred of the law. It was soberly explained by my intelligent friend that this noble lady was driven to endure the horrors of Siberia simply for holding up two fingers in derision of the church, instead of two fingers and a thumb which is the proper ecclesiastical form in giving the blessing.

The Russian is particularly soft spoken and courteous in all shades of society—at least until you get down to the droshky drivers, who do not count as they are a creation by themselves, like the Bedouin of Palestine and the donkey-boy of Cairo.

The much-maligned Russian police is not extra officious in the performance of his duties. I had letters to the American minister at St. Petersburg, but delayed presenting them. I also postponed asking for a permit to photograph—which I was told would be necessary—until too late to have it made out before departing for Moscow. As, however, it seemed necessary for me to make certain photographs, whether I had a permit or no, I was given certain instructions as to what would be best to do in case any officer felt called upon to make himself specially obnoxious—the advice being based upon the assumption that the Russian police, like the police of some other countries, are human and open to explanations of a substantial character—but I had no opportunity to put this theory in practice. Once, within the walls of the Kremlin, I was somewhat open in making a picture, thinking at the time I was outside the prohibited grounds. The Kremlin is not only sacred ground, but a fortress as

The Nicholas Gate

ST. SAVIOR'S CHURCH.

well; so when I saw an officer approaching and eyeing my camera suspiciously, I felt that retribution was coming. But his air was apologetic when he pointed to the camera and then to me and then made as if to scribble on an imaginary piece of paper, which I understood as asking if I had the necessary permit. I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders deprecatingly. I could make no defence. Did this minion of an iniquitous despotism howl and jump on me and run me off to a dungeon?

Not at all. He seemed really sorry when he explained, still in pantomime with much pointing and nodding of head, that I was not permitted to photograph just there, but that I might do so freely outside the walls. And he went with me showing me the gate, and giving me to understand with many a bow and friendly smile, that anywhere out there it would be all right. Fancy what a New York policeman would have done under like circumstances.

Later, when I received my permit in due form and had it explained to me, it appeared that the only prohibition was the taking of fortifications (which all nations prohibit, I believe); the taking of sacred places (which was a becoming concession to religious faith), and that no tripod or platform might be erected in the public streets to unnecessarily obstruct traffic. And they had told me on shipboard that if I was caught carrying a camera it would surely be smashed, and, like as not, I would be run off to Siberia or somewhere and delay the ship for untold time!

The Sign of the Cross.

We had a most intelligent guide—a professor, as I understood, in one of the schools of Moscow, who added to his income at certain times, by acting as guide and interpreter—a calling which there seems to be considered as quite a distinguished and honorable one. He was of English descent and, as a doubtful subject,

had been obliged to leave Russia during the Crimean war, but returned after peace was established. By nature and training he was broad and liberal minded and could judge fairly. In his mind the middle-class Russians were as refined and intelligent as any people of the same class of any country, while among the upper classes would be found the most cultivated—and particularly among the high-class women—the best educated people of any nation. To be sure there was ignorance in the lower classes, which were hardly yet free from the yoke of serfdom under which they had existed so long, but the czar and the mighty power he represented were doing all things possible to educate and elevate the masses, and while crimes were punished quickly and with an unyielding hand, it was not more severe than was meted out by other civilized nations for like offences, while the rights of all were assured by laws that were eminently just, and which could be invoked by the most humble.

"And what does Russia think of America?" I asked.

"America! it respects you, it loves you, it has never forgotten how you sent food when its people were starving."

I spoke of the black guide from San Domingo who was universally spoken of as "the American." Our conductor laughed.

"Only yesterday," he said, "I was asked by a very intelligent lady as to the nationality of your party, and when I told her you were Americans, she exclaimed in astonishment, 'Americans! why *they* are not black.'"

The Holy Gate from the River

"I was conducting a party from Philadelphia last year," he continued, "and introduced them to a well-to-do Russian gentleman. Said he to the American visitors: 'You speak Russian like a native; you speak French and English also I understand; do you also speak American?'"

If Americans misunderstand the Russian, it is quite evident that the Russian also has some little compensating misconceptions in relation to the American.

It is said that three-fourths of the tourists who are purely sightseers at Moscow are Americans. That we are looked upon as leaders in some respects, may be inferred from the fact, that fashion plates displayed in the tailors' and haberdashers' windows, such as we have usually bearing the Paris mark are, in Moscow, labeled "American Fashions."

Moscow is the greatest manufacturing town of Russia, noted for its gold and silver ornaments, its china and glassware, its rich cloths and silks and fine woolens. It has splendid bazaars through which run glass-covered arcades like streets through a town, and with individual stores where are displayed every conceivable kind of fancy goods, jewelry and bric-a-brac. A thousand different firms, it is said, are doing business in the principal one of these great beehives. And the proprietors are not there for their health as may be inferred from the prices charged.

The Grand Bazaar

Homeward Bound through Kiel Canal.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Some day I hope we may know the Russian better and appreciate him at his true worth. While America is good enough for me, I would not ask a better people—and so far as I could judge —better regulations for the protection of travelers, than is to be found in Russia.

At Moscow disintegration began. Some of the party went southward to sunny lands but the great majority came back to the good old ship once more. The anchor was lifted in a fearful rainstorm and after much manœuvering the prow pointed outward and we steamed slowly down the canal, then through the long, diked stretch into the red northwest, and cleared finally at Cronstadt to stand away into the open Baltic.

At Kiel other members dropped away going by various lines through Germany, some to the south, some westward and up the Rhine, some turning north to float for a time along the canals and through the lush lands of restful Holland.

The ship continuing passed through Kiel canal, and onward through the North Sea to touch once more at Southampton, then away on the long stretch—homeward bound.

The cruise of the Ohio is ended, but the recollection of kindly natures discovered, of curious lands visited, of gentleness and nobleness found where such virtues were not expected, can but leave behind them broader views and growing respect for the great brotherhood of man.

It is good betimes to feel the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

2

OFFICERS.

1 W. J. Boggs, Captain.

3

2 E. V. Roberts, First Officer.

3 T. Hellberg, Second Officer.

4 F. S. Horton, Third Officer.

5 Morgan Walcott, Fourth Officer.

* * * * *

4

6 L. C. Runyon, Purser.

7 Dr. F. D. Patterson, Surgeon.

7

6

Early
Morning
Amenities

ENGINEERS.

C. J. GALLAGHER,
Chief.

W. G. RICE,
1st Assistant.

B. H. OLIVER,
2d Assistant.

F. W. BIEDERT,
3d Assistant.

J. W. HUTTON,
Junior Engineer.

G. S. KEOWN,
Junior Engineer.

J. W. GRAY,
Junior Engineer.

GEORGE ADAMS,
Electric Engineer.

JOHN C. DOOLEY,
Refrig. Engineer.

M. LAWLER,
Storekeeper.

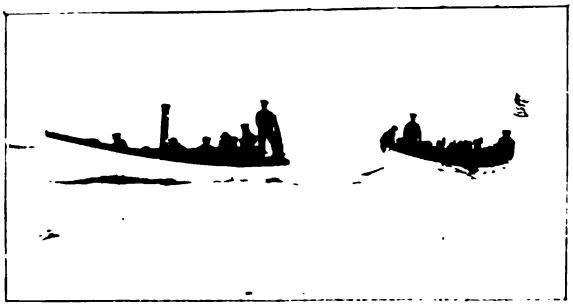
F. A. TOMKINS, Chief.
W. BRAYBROOK, Second Steward.

STEWARDS.

E. C. FENBY,
B. HARAN,
B. P. SHORT,
A. W. SARGENT,
A. G. OLIVER,
A. J. BRAME,
R. R. TURNER,
S. GREEN,
J. SHORE,
JOHN ROBINSON,
C. HILLIER,
C. BODE,
S. CARSON,
R. GILMOUR,
R. MYRON,
F. LINSELL,
W. WARD,
J. DORLING,
W. LEBRETON,
JAMES DEVINE,
JAMES COLQUHORN,
G. F. BERRYMAN,
D. J. PHELAN,
ENOS FLOWER,
A. RAMI,
R. J. GREENHAM.

PASSENGER LIST.

1 Miss EDITH Z. ADAMSON, Philadelphia, Pa.
2 Miss S. GERTRUDE ADAMSON, Philadelphia.
3 Mr. H. D. ANNABLE, Brooklyn.
4 Mrs. H. D. ANNABLE, Brooklyn.
5 Mr. JOHN ANNIN, Jersey City, N. J.
6 Mrs. MATTHEW B. BAIRD, Philadelphia.
7 Miss MARION BAIRD, Philadelphia.
8 Miss CORA BAIRD, Philadelphia.
9 Mrs. BARRETT, New York.
10 Miss E. H. BARRETT, New York.
11 Mr. CORNELIUS BARRETT, New York.
12 Mr. AUGUST BECKER, Buffalo, N. Y.
13 Miss ELIZABETH C. BENT, Philadelphia.
14 Dr. J. N. BISHOP, New York.
15 Mrs. J. N. BISHOP, New York.
16 Mr. G. W. BRACKENRIDGE, San Antonio, Texas.
17 Miss M. ELEANOR BRACKENRIDGE, San Antonio, Texas.
18 Hon. J. M. BRACKENRIDGE, Austin, Texas.
19 Mrs. BRACKENRIDGE, Austin, Texas.
20 Dr. G. A. BRADBURY, Lansingburgh, N. Y.
21 Mrs. J. W. BULKLEY, Brooklyn.
22 Miss BUTLER, Mauch Chunk, Pa.
23 Miss MARY R. BUTLER, Mauch Chunk, Pa.
24 Mr. ROBERT I. CARTER, Cincinnati, O.
25 Mrs. CARTER, Cincinnati, O.
26 MR. EDWARD M. CLARK, New Haven, Conn.
27 Mrs. CLARK, New Haven, Conn.
28 Miss KATHARINE A. CRAFTS, Charleston, S. C.



29 Dr. JUDSON DALAND, Philadelphia.
30 Mr. EDWARD W. DEAN, Rutherford, N. J.
31 Mr. CHARLES DINGEE, West Grove, Pa.
32 Mrs. DINGEE, West Grove, Pa.
33 Miss MARION H. DINGEE, West Grove, Pa.
34 Mrs. ANNA P. DIXON, New York.
35 Miss EASTWICK, New Orleans, La.
36 Miss M. C. EASTWICK, New Orleans, La.
37 Mr. CLARENCE N. FLACK, Troy, N. Y.
38 Mrs. FLACK, Troy, N. Y.
39 Mr. CHARLES J. GILLIS, New York.
40 Mr. HENRY S. JEANES, JR., Philadelphia.
41 Mr. W. W. JEFFERIES, Brooklyn.
42 Mrs. JEFFERIES, Brooklyn.
43 Mr. F. G. JEWETT, Albany, N. Y.
44 Dr. A. T. KECKELER, Cincinnati, O.
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55 Mr. LEIGHTON, Rochester, N. Y.
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60 Mr. CHARLES M. MCCREA, New York.
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